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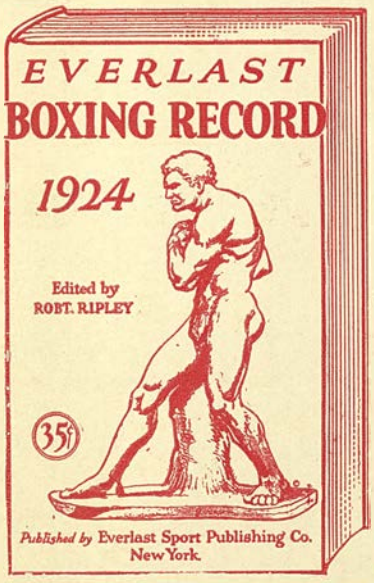

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The Editor and Publisher of The Ring has decided temporarily to discontinue his series of articles on the History of Boxing.

This series, which eventually will be published in book form, has been published monthly in The Ring for two and a quarter years.

With the considerable amount of historic data compiled by the author, aided by Charles F. Mathison, one of the foremost writers of boxing in America, it is estimated that, running one chapter a month, it will be necessary to continue the series for a period of four more years.

Rather than continue on this basis, the author has decided to publish the remaining chapters, which will be confined wholly to American boxing history, in book form, provided this course meets with the approval of our readers.

In addition to the early history of boxing, history which deals wholly with the English period from 1734 to 1850, the author has forty-four chapters dealing solely with American boxing history in each division from flyweight to heavyweight, and forty additional chapters treating with the sidelights of the sports, the humorous part of boxing, the lives of famous fighters, champions and near champions, methods of training and complete records of every famous fighter of the past 150 years. The records are complete to 1924.

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The gathering of data alone for this history has cost the author close to $5,000 and the publication of the books will cost an additional $5,000. It is the intention of the author to publish only a limited edition of this history, have the books illustrated with more than 400 photographs, and to dispose of this history by subscription only.

The three volumes will sell for $6.00 each, but as a special inducement, the author will give the three volumes to the first 100 subscribers for $12.00 for the set. The first volume will be ready for distribution by August 1, the second by December 1 and the third by April, 1925.

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There is no such book in print and if the author obtains sufficient encouragement from Ring readers in the form of subscriptions, he will publish the history as above outlined—an invaluable sports collection. The collection of the data alone has taken eleven years. Should the author feel that the interest is lacking he will resume the publication of the chapters as heretofore printed beginning with the August issue of The Ring.

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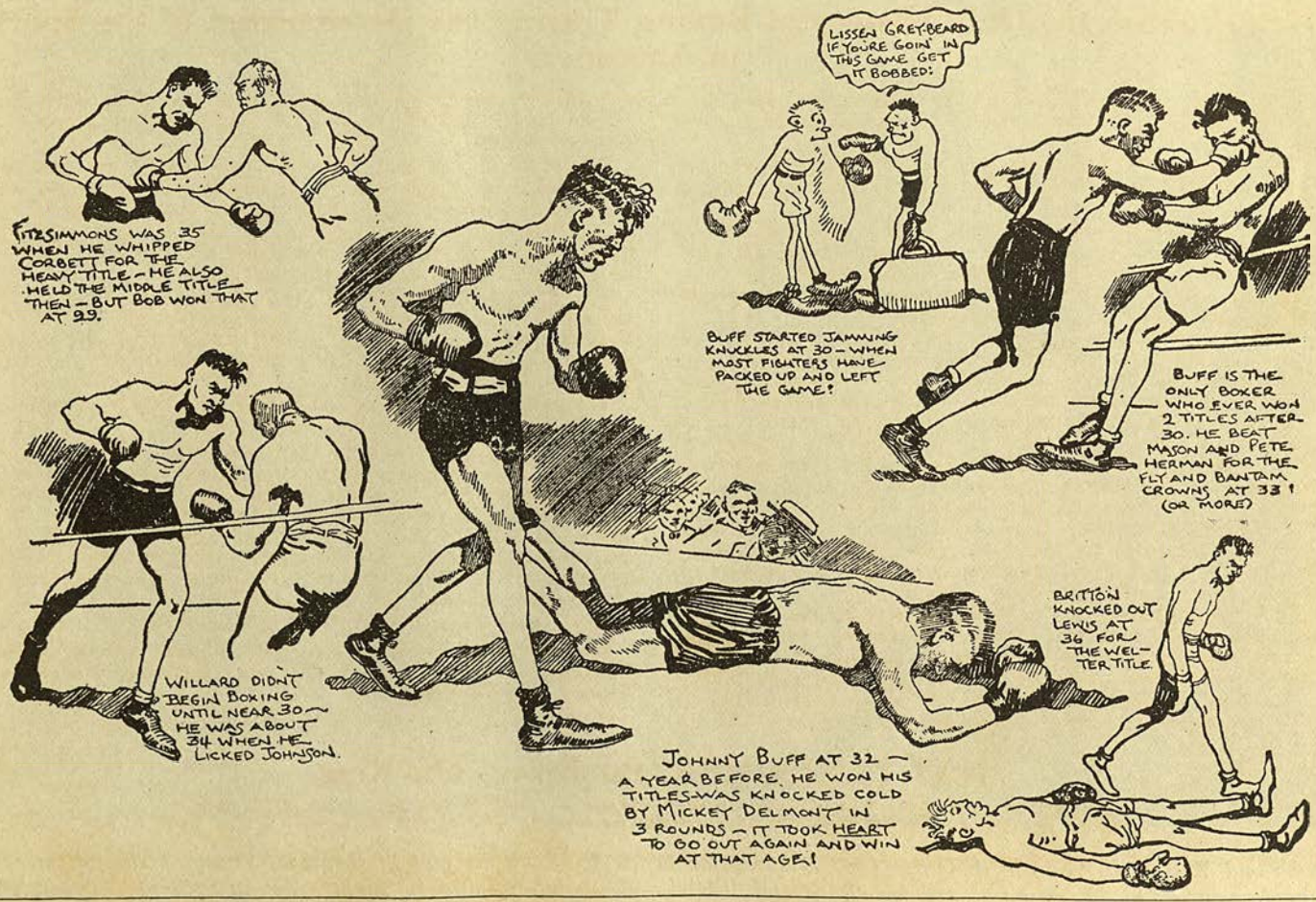
By ED HUGHES



The Striblings Now and When They Were the Four Grahams

1—*Babe and Young Stribling in their three-round burlesque in* 1911. 2—*Babe and his brother, Young Stribling, in comedy makeup in vaudeville.* 3—*Young Stribling, Babe and "Pa" in* 1908 *while on tour in South. Young Stribling,* 3 *years old, on "Pa's" feet.* 4—*"Ma" lifting her boy to show her strength.* 5—*Ready for action.* 6—*"Ma" gives her boy a rubdown after training.*

Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Immortalized

By FRANK G. MENKE

"CASEY AT THE BAT" is a poem that has gone into sportive immortality because DeWolf Hopper chanted it for years from back of the footlights.

But there is another poem, rarely beautiful, soul stirring in its pathos, practically unknown in the world of sport, one written years ago by an unknown writer who visited the grave of Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil," and was touched to the depths of human emotion.

No man ever lived within the shadow of the prize ring more loved or more honored in his heyday than Dempsey; no fighter ever lived a finer, cleaner life, or who did more to bring prestige and honor to the sport he glorified.

Over the sweep of years, Dempsey's amazing fistic powers enabled him to sweep all before him. Then came the night when he was knocked out by the "pivot blow" used by George Le Blanche. There was no disgrace for Dempsey in that defeat—yet the downfall broke his heart.

Never afterward was he the same. No longer did he fight with the spectacular aggressiveness, the dash and the fire of old. He drifted along with the tide—and when Bob Fitzsimmons whipped him, it meant the beginning of the end for him.

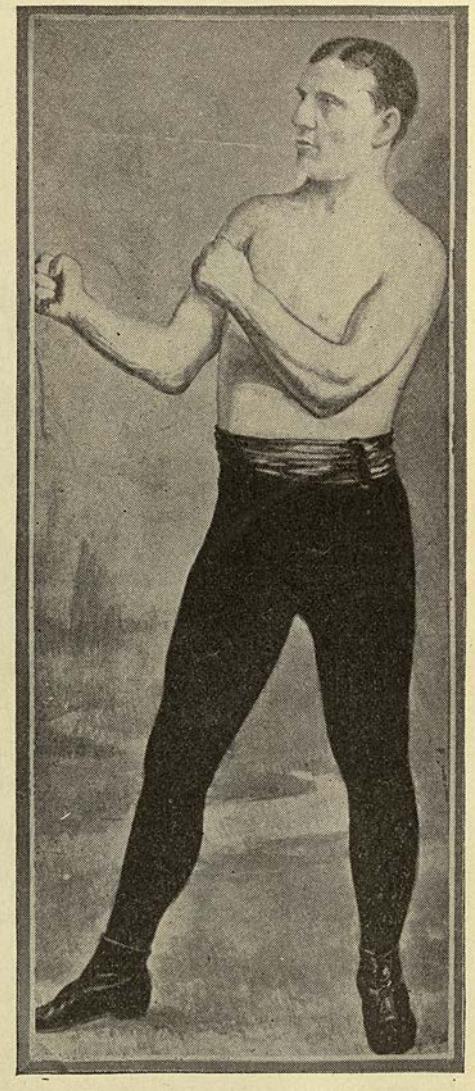
Some years afterward, Dempsey faded from the sight of all who knew him in the days of his glory. Illness came—and finally death. Years afterward a sport writer on the Pacific Coast began the search for Dempsey's grave. At last he found it.

And, sitting beside it, he wrote this poem which was printed in his paper and then, instead of becoming a classic in sporting literature, is almost unknown:—

THE NONPAREIL'S GRAVE

Far out in the wilds of Oregon,
On a lonely mountain side,
Where Columbia's mighty waters,
Roll down to the ocean side;
Where the giant fir and cedar
Are imaged in the wave,
O'ergrown with firs and lichens,
I found Jack Dempsey's grave.

I found no marble monolith,
No broken shaft or stone,
Recording sixty victories
This vanquished victor won;
No rose, no shamrock could I find
No mortal here to tell
Where sleeps in this forsaken spot
The immortal Nonpareil.



Nonpareil Jack Dempsey

A winding wooden canyon road
That mortals seldom tread,
Leads up this lonely mountain
To the desert of the dead.
And the Western sun was sinking
In Pacific's golden wave,
And these solemn pines kept watching,
Over poor Jack Dempsey's grave.

Forgotten by ten thousand throats,
That thundered his acclaim,
Forgotten by his friends and foes,
Who cheered his very name.
Oblivion wraps his faded form,
But ages hence shall save
The memory of that Irish lad
That fills poor Dempsey's grave.

Oh, Fame, why sleeps thy favored son
In wilds, in woods, in weeds,
And shall he ever thus sleep on,
Interred his valiant deeds?
'Tis strange New York should thus forget
Its "bravest of the brave,"
And in the wilds of Oregon,
Unmarked, leave Dempsey's grave.

WHISPERING HOPE

By Gabe Caffrey

BY the Golden Gate, where Yankland waves adieu to setting sun,
There's a "has been" gamely hoping though his day is almost done.
He is training, always training! It's a blessing he can't see
That his efforts all are going for a fight that cannot be.

Former King of lightweight boxers with a bright oustanding past,
Few there are who don't remember this once famous, Ad Wolgast.
Now his mind has most bereft him in the twilight of his toil.
And the kindly fates have brought him 'neath the wing of old Jack Doyle.

Near the Vernon fight arena, Doyle has a little camp.
There each day in ring regalia is the former lightweight champ,
Shadow boxing, feinting, ducking, jabbing, swinging so sincere,
Doyle keeps him always thinking that another fight is near.

There's the pitiful about it and the beautiful as well,
For it's hopes that we all live on, so the sages often tell.
"When am I agonna fight, Jack?" asks Wolgast with a sigh.
"Maybe, you will fight to-morrow," always comes the same reply.

It will ever be to-morrow, Wolgast in his mental plight
Just a ghost of fistic history ne'er will have another fight.
But, he's looking for a rainbow which will have no end, save when
The Great Referee of mankind tolls to Ad his final 10.

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Winner Takes Plenty

(An Adventure of the Hon. Waffle-Waffle)
Chapter VI

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

SINCE last I wrote you, old thing, Higgins has jolly well bashed in nearly all the boxing johnnies in sight. He has fearfully gone and, as the Yanks so quaintly put it, cleansed up the country.

The thing has its advantages, but it is not without its fearful disadvantages, too.

I have learned that getting a reputation among these prize fighting chappies first makes it easier to arrange contests for your man and then makes it harder. That must seem a bit of what-o to you, old dear, but it's what's what.

You take these boxing johnnies and they become more and more cautious every time your man bashes in another one. And if he bashes in enough of the other prize fighting chappies they'll jolly well have nothing to do with him: well, rather.

Every one of them is afraid to have his meal ticket jolly well cancelled; or so the Yanks put it, old thing. The expression means that they jolly well don't want to have the market value of their boxing chappies hurt by having another boxing chappie generally pummel him around.

So, for the past two months, old thing, Higgins and I have been jolly well mooning around, like that Alexander chappie who did himself in because there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

I approached the manager of one leading boxing johnny.

"Cawn't we get together and fix up a match between your chappie and mine?" I asked him.

"Not unless you kin get an o.k. from the League of Nations," said he.

Fancy that. Some of those manager chappies have quaint ideas of their own importance. Naturally, I remonstrated with him.

"Why that would be wholly unnecessary," I protested. "And, anyway, the League would jolly well refuse to be bothered with such a trifling matter."

"I hope so, anyway," this manager fellow informed me; and I could not persuade him to utter another word on the subject.

That would have been enough to have disheartened an ordinary person, but you know that the Waffle-Waffles are not ordinary persons; well, rather not, old thing.

I tried another of the manager johnnies, whose man has been mentioned several times for a match with the champion.

"I say, old chappie," I began, jolly well feeling that a friendly attitude was the diplomatic one. "How about my man and yours engaging in a little contest?"

"Do I look dumb?" he asked.

"Your speech seems perfect, old thing," I assured him.

"Well, I hope I'll always be in good enough voice to say 'no,'" he responded. "After we win th' championship we'll talk business; but not until then."

Not even that repulse served to discourage me. I jolly well kept on. The bulldog breed, and all that sort of rot, old thing.

Only one manager johnnie remained, aside from the champion's, with whom I might discourse. With him I followed the Yank method of being jolly well indirect. Hide your real purpose at the start, and that sort of bally nonsense.

"How does my Higgins man appeal to you?" I questioned him.

"Have you ever seen bichloride of mercury?" he countered.

"Yes!" said I.

"Well, that's the way your boy looks to me," the manager chappie assured me.

"Preposterous!" I exclaimed. "I have never noticed the slightest resemblance."

"I say, old chappie, how about my man and yours engaging in a little contest?"

"Maybe you haven't," said the johnnie, "but it's there, all right; it's there."

And no matter how much I tried to revive the subject, it was of no avail. These Yankee chappies can be remarkably reticent when the mood seizes them.

The only possibility left was the champion. His manager johnny was amazingly frank when I approached him.

"Tell you what," he informed me, confidentially. "Th' champ would be glad to give your boy a go, but his poor old father isn't expected to live no more than a few months and his mother is suffering from an incurable case of beri-beri, or something. Not only that, but his sister is afflicted with operitis and his only brother is

"Well, sir, you can't never tell about oil wells."

pretty near blind all th' time; at least half th' time, anyway.

"Now you wouldn't expect th' champ to think of fightin' under them circumstances, would ya?"

I agreed, of course, that I would not. A man bally well has a right to his jolly old sorrows if he insists on it; well, rather. I expressed my sympathy and went away.

But this condition did neither Higgins nor I a jolly bit of good. Fame is a perfectly glorious thing, but it jolly well does not pay hotel bills; and Higgins has contracted the most beastly habit of late of jolly well living off the best. Not that he hasn't earned it, and what not, but the frightful ass hasn't the least idea of how long he is going to continue to afford wallowing in the purple.

I warned him of the dearth of bouts along the Atlantic Coast and jolly well made it plain to him that he might need to husband his resources.

"Meantime, Higgins," said I. "I shall make another tour around the sticks and try to arrange a new series of bouts for you. I shall be gone for a few weeks and you had better jolly well watch out for sharpie johnnies while I am away. Don't let any of them do you in."

Higgins was well enough fixed financially; jolly well so. And, of course, old thing, I was not lacking in the filthy myself. Well, rather.

My warning to Higgins about the sharpies was well founded. Only that morning a chappie had tried to sell me an oil well for ten thousand dollars. The Roaring Nellie Oil Well, he called it. I jolly well roared a bit myself, but I did not let myself in for any such silly rot as that? I had learned in the States that oil wells were good things to stay fearfully well away from.

In the course of my journey around the country I dropped off at Texas to see the oil country myself. Nothing like a bit of travel to broaden the mind, old dear, and I jolly well determined that I would see whatever there was to be seen between attempts to arrange bouts. In the latter endeavor, by the way, I was fairly successful, booking five for fearful old Higgins at future dates, which arrangement promised to net us about fifteen thousand dollars.

After I landed in Gasolenia, Texas, I was jolly well ready to take myself off to a quiet place and bally well kick myself around for a fearful ass. The clerk in the hotel proved most loquacious. While I was registering he advanced this bit of jolly old philosophy:

"Well, sir, you can't never tell about oil wells."

I agreed with him.

"No, sir, you can't," he went on. "You take that Roaring Nellie Well, now. Been begging around here for th' last ten months. Not a soul would touch it. Fellow that owned it last went to New York to find a sucker to buy it. Don't know yet whether he did, or not,"

"I hardly think he did," I informed the clerk.

"Well, that's tough on some sucker, now," the clerk continued. "They brought in a gusher on the lot next door this morning, an' that Roaring Nellie well ought to be worth a fortune right now."

Old thing, I turned right around and jolly well left Gasolenia gasping. I did not have the heart to stay in the place and be reminded of my jolly asininity. I caught the first train back to New York, fearing that I might be tempted to go out to one of the frightful old oil wells and jump right into it.

Higgins acted most peculiarly when I returned, and my suspicions were almost instantly aroused.

"What sort of silly ass have you been making of yourself now?" I demanded.

"Hi bloddy well couldn't 'elp hit, sir," he said. "Hit reminded me so much hof my mother, hit did; hand when that check came from Mr. Rickard, sir, hit just seemed proverdential to me, sir. Hi just couldn't 'elp hit, hanywoiy, hit's 'alf yours, sir."

"What check?" I asked with horror.

"Th' check, sir, fer th' lawst foight, sir. Six thousand dollars, sir," Higgins sniffled. "Hi just coudn't 'elp hit, sir. Hit really reminded me so much

"What sort of silly ass have you been making of yourself?"

hof my mother, sir; th' noime did. Hit did hindeed, sir."

"What name?"

"The Roarin' Nellie, sir; reminded me so much hof me dear old loidy. Hit moight 'ave just has well been named after 'er, sir, hand so Hi bought hit."

"Bought what?"

"Th' Roarin' Nellie Hoil Well, sir," said Higgins. "Hand hit's 'alf yours, sir; that his, hif hit's hany good."

Well, my dear chappie, you could have knocked me down with a feather. Imagine that silly ass Higgins buying that oil well just because the name reminded him of his mother. Still, I'm jolly well glad he's such a dutiful son.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

My Hardest Fight

As Told by Benny Leonard, Lightweight Title Holder

First of a series on world's champions and their toughest battles

AS long as he lives Benny Leonard will never forget the licking he received at the hands of Ever Hammer back in 1916 in Kansas City. Incidentally, it was Benny's first trip over a route, fifteen rounds, and the reason he recollects the bout so well is the fact that it happened about a year and a half before he ascended the top rung of the lightweight ladder. The bout with Hammer came near wrecking Leonard's career.

"I don't have to think twice about the man who gave me my hardest fight," soliloquized the champion in a fanning bee with the writer.

"That honor falls to the lot of the sawed-off Ever Hammer, the fiery Swede—I could call him other names but modesty forbids—the nearest thing to Battling Nelson I ever tackled.

"My mind wanders to the memorable evening in the spring of 1916 when I climbed through the ropes of a Kansas City ring to run into a series of surprises. Jot this down, it was my first fight over ten rounds, the customary limit in New York at that time, and to a referee's decision.

"The old boy hadn't done much before meeting me, except to hand out lickings to Freddie Welsh, Johnny Dundee and a few others. The little blonde Swede looked me over while we were getting instructions, and gave me an impression something like this: 'Just a mug; I'll send him back to New York c. o. d.'

"I didn't suspect for one second that I was facing a guy built like the Rock of Gibraltar, who carried TNT in both gloves, and had an impregnable defense. It afterwards turned out to be my acid test, and thank goodness, I came out with my whole skin.

"Hammer rushed out of his corner the moment the first bell clanged, and shot a left hook to the mouth. He varied his attack, and to the amazement of my manager, Billy Gibson, and some friends who made the trip with us, I was forced to take about as fine a tanning in three minutes of one-sided battling as I received before and since I became champion. Two more cruel rights to the mouth opened a cut from which blood flowed freely. I was a sight when I returned to the corner.

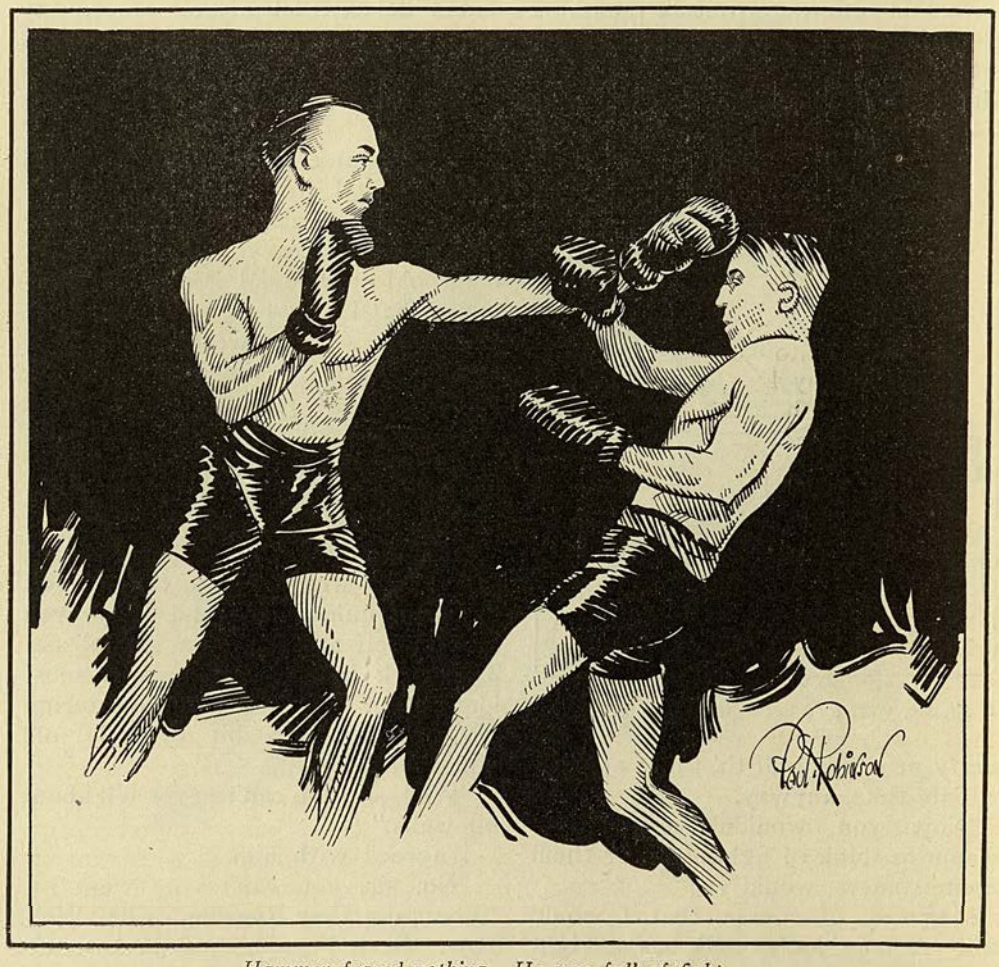
"Gibson worked like a demon to bring me to. Smelling salts were brought into play at this early time," continued the popular champion as a half smile wreathed his countenance when he realized the narrow escape he had. "'Get on your roller skates,' pleaded Gibson when the second round began. I used a pair of well oiled ones but as fast as I ran, Hammer kept pace with me, raining all kinds of blows on my face and body.

"How he tried to knock me out! I could see in his eyes that nothing else would suit him than to see me on the resin floor taking a count.

"Gibson was a sad looking fellow when I came for treatment. He couldn't understand what the trouble was. All I said was that I couldn't get started. And I just couldn't, that's all.

"Hammer was full of pep and ginger at the start of the third. He kept hammering away at my body, sending in terrific smashes, now and then uppercutting with the right. I couldn't get out of my own way.

"The crowd was beginning to feel sorry for me. Hammer looked all over a champion. He had my nose spouting claret and there wasn't a white speck on my mouth. I was getting weak from the loss of blood but I was determined to stick it out and go down fighting.



Hammer feared nothing. He was full of fight.

"The Hammer barrage continued in the fourth and fifth rounds. He whaled away with both hands, beckoning me at the same time to make him extend himself. 'Come on and fight,' he would say. 'What kind of guys are you New Yorkers?' he asked many times. Had a decision been rendered at the end of the sixth Hammer would have received it. He was winning by a few city blocks with the Harlem River thrown in.

"I kind of got myself together starting the seventh and made to stick it out by half running, covering and

(*Continued on page 9*)

Joe Walcott's Advice to Beginners

FROM time to time veterans of the ring, who made their mark at a time when fighters fought for a mere pittance, give pointers to the present-day boxers on how to hit, how to guard and how to counter, but with few exceptions their advice is that of the old timer who feels there is no comparison between the modern youths and the scrappers of their own period. These old timers fail to realize that in boxing, as in all other branches of sports, a tremendous progress has been recorded and that ring tactics in vogue years ago cannot be applied with much success today.

Sometimes, however, we receive letters from past masters of fistiana, offering suggestions on how the present-day boxer may improve his style, his hitting ability, his defense and other matters of importance in the art of self defense, and these letters, we feel, are worthy of publication.

Recently a discussion was waged regarding the art of hitting and in these columns we published statements by such masters as Sam Langford, Jack Dempsey and Young Griffo, and now comes an epistle from Joe Walcott, the great Barbados Demon, on "advice to the beginner." Says Joe:

"I've seen many of the young boxers of the present day go after an opponent and it is astonishing how little these young fellows know about hitting. They fail to pick out a spot and go for it. They just seem to trust to luck. It was not like this in the old days. The fighters then used to pick out the spot they knew would turn the tide in their favor and round after round they made that spot the target for attack.

"One can't hit wildly and just trust to luck if one wants to advance in the ring game. You must study your man, know just where you want to hit and concentrate on that spot. By knowing in advance where you want to land, you can put the full power of your punch behind the blow. If you attempt to use the full power behind a wild swing you simply throw yourself off balance and leave yourself open to the opponent's attack. Pick out the spot before you shoot, then shoot with the full weight of your body behind the blow and watch the results."

This is very sound advice from one of the greatest fighters in the history of ringdom.

My Hardest Fight

(*Continued from page* 8)

feinting him into knots. But I couldn't make any kind of an impression on him with my blows. They seemed to lack power. The eighth was a replica of the preceding stanzas, always on the receiving end.

"The tide—thank goodness when I think of it—turned in the ninth. What do you think turned the trick? A short right under the heart. The impact of the blow shook Ever from head to foot. I knew in an instant I had him. It must have been a terrible punch for he never got over its effects.

"Ever dragged himself back to his corner all the worse for wear. His eyes were glassy, and he looked all over a beaten man. I told Gibson I thought I finally had gotten my man. 'Nix on that stuff, Ben; keep boxing. He's dangerous every second he's in there,' warned Bill.

Hammer offered little resistance in the tenth. I punished him severely. He made a couple of wild lunges, and came near upsetting me with a vicious left swing. I rolled with the punch, or else had it landed cleanly it would have surely flattened me.

"I was glad I took Gib's tip for Hammer became dangerous once more, starting the eleventh. He plunged head first into a right uppercut but instead of going down as I surely thought he would, he retaliated with a terrific left hook on the face. The punch dazed me for a second. Back on the roller skates for me. I feinted, left jabbed and what not to keep the maddened young man at bay. He kept piling in, however, and never let up for an instant.

"I supplied the crowd with another thrill in the twelfth and last round. Another short right under the heart felled Hammer as if he was shot. He got up at the count of nine, out to all intents and purposes. He stood in the middle of the ring with his hands hanging down, his eyes motionless, it seemed to me, and just waiting anxiously to be put out of misery.

"I appealed to the referee to stop it. He would have none of it. I made a couple of feints but Hammer never moved. I didn't want to hurt him or perhaps ring down the curtain on the game boy by injuring him for life. I finally lost my head after the referee refused again to wave Hammer to his corner, and I started a punch. Before it could land, however, Ever's body crumpled up on the floor.

Leonard was satisfied that he had surmounted the greatest obstacle in his path; knew he could battle the best of them in the 135-pound division over a route, and right then and there made plans for a smash at the title.

"Some will say that Ritchie Mitchell gave me my hardest battle when he knocked me down for a seven count at Madison Square Garden three years ago, on the occasion of the Devastated France fund show," remarked Benny, "but I reiterate and most forcibly, too, that Hammer made me wish I had never laced a glove on my hands," said Benny in conclusion.

"Yes, that Mitchell person made me see many stars in that historic first round. I could recall one or two others who gave me good wallopings, such as Irish Patsy Cline and Shamus O'Brien. I had some rough sledding from the very start. But I shudder when I think of Hammer. A year ago last summer out Michigan City way I reciprocated in a return bout by giving him another walloping in ten rounds. On that occasion I was handicapped with bad molars. Luckily, Hammer wasn't half the fighter he was in 1916 or he might have beaten me."

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WHAT AM I OFFERED?

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Big Moments in Little Fights

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

IN his day Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, Mass., was regarded as one o fthe hardest punchers of all featherweights. Billy O'Donnel, who came from Memphis, was also a hitter of no mean power.

They fought one night, and Jack Sheehan refereed the affair. Jack never forgot it, either.

In the last round the boys rushed from their corners, and forgot to shake hands. They just buckled into each other like a pair of infuriated bulls, arms swinging in all directions. Sheehan kept going in between them as usual until about thirty seconds before the bell.

"Then," said Jack, "I remember going into a clinch, but not coming out of it. I edged in sideways, and one side of my map presented a good target to Flaherty, who thought it belonged to O'Donnel. He put over a

right hander with an express bill of lading on it, and landed on my jaw.

For a moment I soared through the clouds, watching Malaga grapes grow on the Archipelago. When I rolled over and struggled to my feet I saw five hundred Martin Flahertys and Billy O'Donnels fighting, and what I thought was an angel's voice tolling off the seconds. The angel was only Dan McAvoy, the mayor of the Bowery. He held a sponge back of my ear to bring me to, and said:

"You're all right, Jack. We'll give 'em hell in the next round!"

* * *

Willie Lewis' Great Night

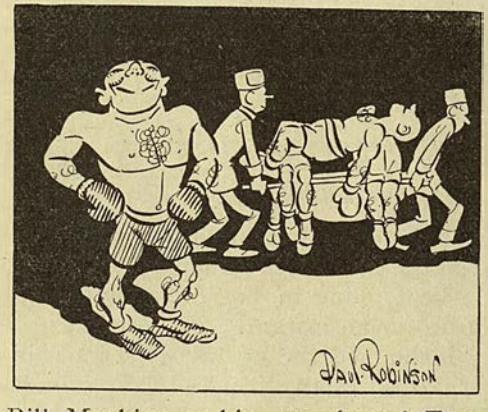
PROBABLY the proudest moment in the life of Willie Lewis came in the Crique de Paris years ago when he listened to the roaring plaudits of a French crowd.

Lewis was one of the American fighters who did so much to make boxing popular in that country, and his victory over three men in a single ring won as much commendation as anything the French lovers of the ring had ever seen.

He couldn't find one man to fight him, so agreed to box three men six rounds each.

Willie's first opponent was a French middleweight, Larry Conille. Larry had no defense against his rival's frightful punches, and went down and out in the very first round.

The next to step into the ring was



Bill Meekins, a big, raw-boned English heavyweight. In the second round Lewis chopped a short left to the face, and before the beef eater could cover up, landed a terrific right on Meekins' jaw. Down he went for the long count.

Big Jeff Thorne, another Englishman, and a veteran, at that, came in, confident that he would last the scheduled six. In the second round Willie battered him so frightfully that, although the bell saved him, he was unable to respond, and was counted out in his corner.

No wonder Willie Lewis looks on that night as one of the biggest in his career.

* * *

A Test of Gameness

RECENTLY Lew Tendler knocked out Ted Marchant, the English lightweight, in four rounds.

That sounds like quite a commonplace statement, but inclosed in it was the bitterest martyrdom ever suffered by a pugilist.

Marchant, brother of the redoubtable Billy, who starred among the featherweights a decade ago, has been fighting for ten years, and never listened to the count of ten.

In his bout with Tendler he took one of Lew's toughest punches on the jaw in the very first round, and went down for the count of nine. A minute later he dropped for the count of eight.

When the bell sounded for the end of the round he was out on his feet.

He came up for the second and for the third weak and dizzy, but courageous as ever. The fourth saw him take as savage a beating as any man ever suffered in the ring.

He was practically defenseless, and Tendler—set on a knockout because his arch-rival, Nate Goldman, had failed to stop Teddy—battered him with both hands, right and left, as hard as he could hit.

There were cries of "Stop it!" from all over the house, but still the slaughter went on. Marchant staggered from corner to corner, seeking to weather the storm. Face and body were hammered by the Tendler punches. It would have been easy to go down for the count, and no discredit would have attached to him.

But Ted Marchant, with the blind, unreasoning instinct of the game man to keep on his feet, refused to go down. And, when the referee did stop it, he was staggering blindly against the ropes—but still on his feet.

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Tad's Tidbits

Spider Kelly, Greatest Ring Handler

By TAD

N. Y. Evening Journal's Great Cartoonist

SPIDER KELLY is the greatest handler of fighters in America today. He can get more OUT of a fighter and MORE FOR HIM than any man that ever presided over the old bucket in the corner.

That is the confident opinion expressed by T. A. Dorgan (Tad), the eminent New York Evening Journal boxing writer.

Kelly's career started way back in the days of bare knuckles, and he has seconded men from the time of Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, to the present heavyweight champion. In fact, he was behind both.

Long and lean, with fiery black hair and eyebrows, Kelly is a picturesque figure. He is stern, alert, honest and never misses a point.

Take a look at the snapshot photos of a fight where Kelly is the chief handler. Try to find Kelly. He isn't there up in the front, facing the camera with a smile on his mug. No, sir, Kelly is invariably leaning over the ropes looking for his timer, his ring chair, and his bucket. He is looking out for his man's interests every moment.

He was a boxer himself, although never a champion. He boxed Gans, Lavigne, Everhart and a host of others, and although he couldn't knock a plug hat off the rack with his punch, he was as clever as the best of them.

Kelly won many a fight for Jimmy Britt, the dapper one.

Those who saw Willie Fitzgerald drop Britt cold with a right-hander on the point of the chin one night in Mechanics' Pavilion, 'Frisco, will recall that Kelly saved him that night.

He saw Jimmy drop. It was near the close of the round, but it looked as though James Edward would hear ten before the bell. Kelly, without a moment's hesitation, rushed over to Referee Graney, and, pointing to the big clock in the rear of the hall, that sounded a gong at the close of each round, shouted, "The clock's stopped!"

Graney stopped at the count of two, and, turning towards the clock, gave it a swell O.O.

Everybody was yelling. Kelly was wildly waving his arms and insisting that the big second hand WAS NOT MOVING. Graney looked some more, argued with Kelly, and started to count again over the prostrate form of Britt. The fallen gladiator had, however, been dragged by the foot right into his own corner, where he was liberally soused with water, and when the gong did sound was as chipper as could be.

Britt came around O. K. and won the decision.

Another night Kelly handled Frank Rafael against George Herberts in a grudge semi-final. Both fighters slugged themselves silly, and at the bell in the ninth round it looked as though both would fall. Kelly rushed out, grabbed Rafael around the waist and carried him to his corner. He kicked the chair out of the ring, forcing his man to stand and be washed off. Herberts, seeing this, lost heart. He was dying in his corner. When Kelly had his man dolled up a bit he carried him to the centre of the ring once more, and, facing him towards Herberts, left him there to await the gong. When it did clang, Herberts looked up, and, seeing Rafael right in front of him, collapsed. Rafael won.

The Spider had a white hope once whose monicker was Toothpick Kelly. This hope was almost as tall as the Washington Monument and had a slight stoop, which was caused by his constant ducking under awnings. The Spider bought him a one-flight-up suit and started him out to get Jeffries' title.

AL SPINK, DEAN OF AMERICAN WRITERS, ON RING STAFF

ANOTHER world famous boxing critic, Al Spink, dean of American baseball and boxing experts, has been added to the already long list of contributors to THE RING.

Mr. Spink, who has passed the three score and ten years, but whose mind is just as alert now as it was when he edited copy on the sporting editor's desk of Western newspapers, has joined our staff and beginning with the next number will contribute a human interest story in issues of THE RING.

Al Spink is the author of 1,000 sport stories. They are published in three volumes and the books have had a tremendous sale.

Follow the leaders of sports by reading THE RING regularly.

The first man he matched him with was a tough colored guy named Mul McDonald. Now, Mul didn't know much about the scientific end of the game, but he could sock like two Dempseys rolled into one.

Toothpick got along swimmingly for two rounds and was outboxing his man. The Spider yelled orders from the corner, "KEEP AWAY, AND DON'T MIX!"

Everything was jake until the middle of the third, when Muldoon started swinging. Our old friend Toothpick, feeling the razz from the crowd a bit, tore right in, regardless of orders, and started to swing, too.

McDonald missed Toothpick's chin by about one-tenth of an inch eight or nine times, and the Spider in the corner almost died. He howled, screamed, waved his arms and begged, and then the bell clanged.

Spider stood up on a chair in the corner waiting for Toothpick to come back. When the warrior did get near enough he hauled off and socked him on the kisser, saying, "You big stiff, you listen to me and do what I say after this." The Toothpick did, and won.

The classic on Kelly, however, was the one he pulled off during the Britt-Erne fight, which was won by Britt in seven rounds.

Walter Kingsley, the demon Press agent of the Palace, says that he read the writer's story concerning it to ex-President Wilson, who almost sprained a tendon laughing. You know the ex-President was a specialist on grammar.

Well, back to our Zweibach.

During that fight, Kelly, with his chin resting in the resined canvas, yelled continuously, "DELLA BRITT! DELLA BRITT!"

Those of us at the ringside thought it a new code. We were always watching Kelly, because he had new stuff and was good copy.

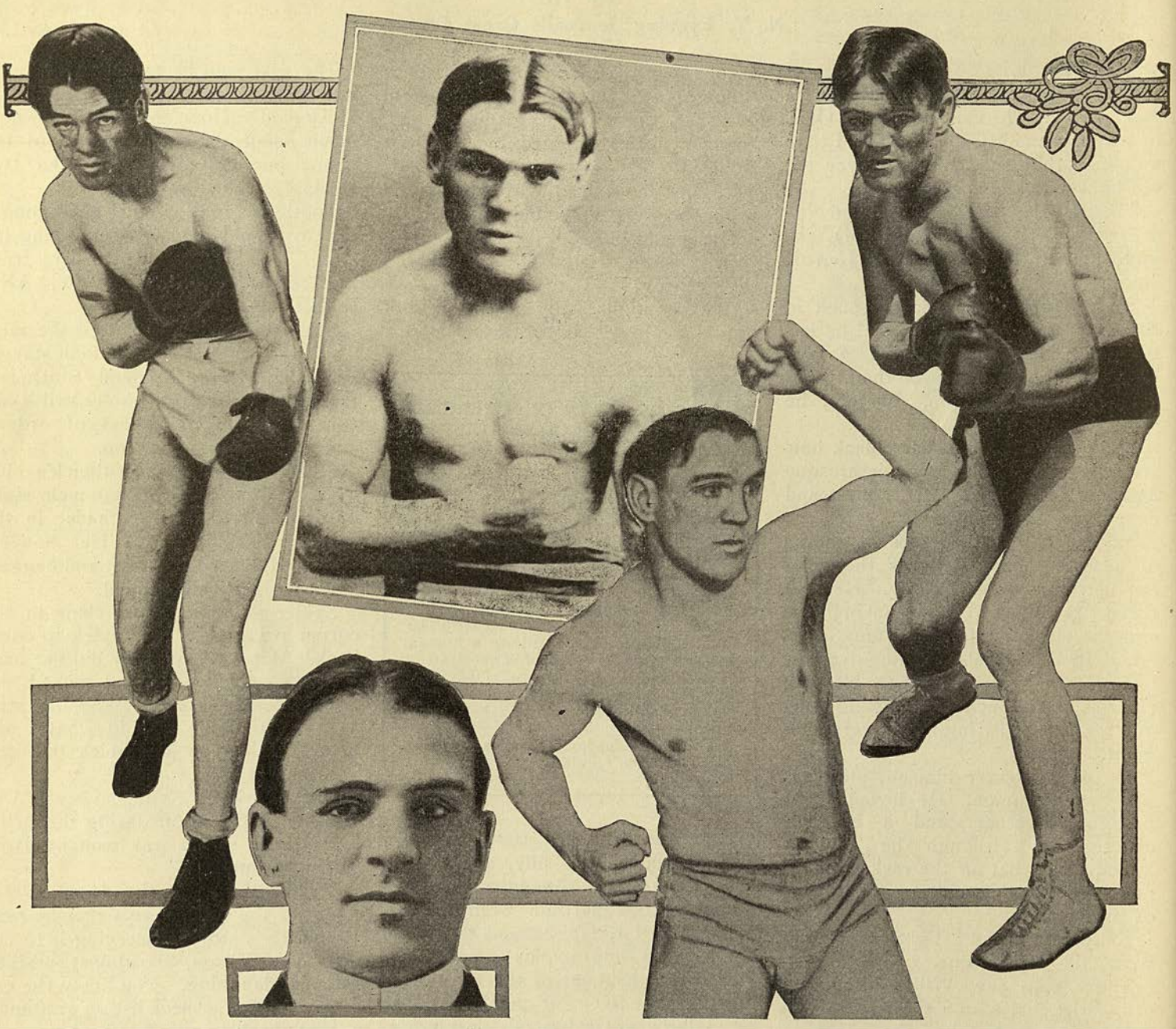
Round after round yelled the Spider, "Della Britt, Jimmy!" "You know, old boy, Della Britt!"

Well, Jimmy finally salted a left to Mr. Erne's midriff, and Frank folded up like a paper house in a fog.

After the fight the writer buzzed the Spider regarding the code words, Della Britt. "Oh," piped the Spider,

(*Continued on page* 28)

Fistic Hall of Fame—No. IV—
Terry McGovern



The Ring's Compilation of Champions Throughout the World

World Champions	Heavyweight	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight	Bantamweight	Flyweight
Country	Dempsey	McTigue	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Dundee	Lynch	Villa
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Greb	Walker	Leonard	*Dundee	Lynch	Genaro
England	Bloomfield	Bloomfield	Todd	Lewis	Mason	Fox	Brown	*Open
France	Carpentier	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Ledoux	Routis	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Hebrans	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Ailo	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Australia	Ern Sheppeard	Ern Waddy	Tommy Uren	Fred Kay	Hugh Dwyer	Ernie Baxter	J. Semmens	Geo. Mendies
Europe	Carpentier (France)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Ailo (Spain)	Bretonnel	Ledoux (France)	Brown (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)
Orient	.....	.....	.....	I. Flores (Philippines)	S. Jaminito (Philippines)	T. Pandong (Philippines)	P. Sarmiento (Philippines)	F. Conception (Philippines)

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*Wilde and Kilbane retired.

Revised to Date.

"Terry" McGovern's Comeback Attempt

By FRANK SMITH

THE only fight that "Terrible Terry" McGovern engaged in during 1906—four years after he lost his title to Young Corbett—was one of the shortest battles of his hectic career.

It was with "Harlem Tommy" Murphy and the bout was staged in Philadelphia on October 18, 1905. (McGovern lost his title on November 28, 1901). The Murphy bout lasted less than one round, Terry's other one round knockout battles being with Pedlar Palmer, Billy Rotchford, Patsy Haley, and "Freckles" O'Brien, all in 1899, when he was "coming," and with Jack Ward in the following year.

After the Corbett battle McGovern attempted a "comeback," only to be knocked out again by Young Corbett on March 31, 1903. In the meantime the "Terrible" one whipped Dave Sullivan in 15 rounds, and knocked out Billy Maynard in four rounds.

Following the last Corbett fight McGovern fought no decision bouts with Lew Rydell and Billy Willis, then beat Eddie Hanlon and Jimmy Briggs. These battles were in 1903.

McGovern loafed around until early in October, 1905, when he was matched with "Harlem Tommy" for a six-round battle on the 18th of that month.

Here is the way the record book tells of that short and hot fight:

At the sound of the gong Terry leaped out of his corner like a sprinter leaving his mark. He was two-thirds of the way across the ring when he met Murphy, and he gathered himself into a fighting position as he flew through the air. Murphy drew down to his regular crouching pose, but that provided no defense. Terry opened a tigerish attack, ramming home a left jab with a sort of half swing full upon the stomach. Murphy doubled over still farther and clinched.

Fast as a bee stings, Terry's terrible right pounded Murphy's short ribs again and again, forcing him to break the clinch and to run across the ring. Terry kept right after him, burying his right with a pile driver's force in Murphy's abdomen as the Harlem boy raised his guard to the face on the left feint.

Then Murphy got set in a corner and swung a left for the jaw as McGovern came tearing in. Terry ducked and in his hurry to retaliate swung wild. That gave Murphy his chance to get set again, and he landed a left to McGovern's jaw, followed by a harmless right.

Terry only grinned and danced on his tiptoes as he gathered himself for another rip-snorting attack. Rattling Murphy with a left feint to the head, Terry shifted and shot in a straight right on the chin that dropped the Harlem boy flat on his back.

Every throat in the building let out a yell of joy, because the little "king of the ring" had proved he could "come back." Hats of every description sailed into the ring.

Murphy was up in four seconds, but "Terrible Terry," poised for the attack, dropped him again with a left hook to the jaw and a straight right jolt.

Murphy came up two more times before Terry stabbed him in the body with his right and plastered a left hook on the jaw that sent him rolling along the ropes like a barrel, his eyes glazed, his arms hanging helpless. Terry was after him full of business, but Referee Jack McGuigan jumped between, pushed Terry away and yelled in his ear, "You win!"

That fight about ended McGovern's career in the ring. In 1906 he fought Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt and Young Corbett no decision bouts. In 1908 he fought no decision battles with Young Loughrey and Spike Robson. Then he went the way of many other stellar lights.

"A FOOL THERE WAS"

By NORMAN DALY

(Adapted from Rudyard Kipling's "The Vampire")

A fool there was and he made his dough
(Much more than you and I!)
With a jab, and a hook, and a mighty blow
(We watched his fortune steadily grow),
But the fool just let it steadily go
(Perhaps as you and I!)

Oh, the years he spent and the dough he spent
And the work of his head and hand,
He was just a pug who did not know
(And now we know that he never would know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Perhaps as you and I)
He gambled away his very last cent
(The cards didn't go as the fighter meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Perhaps as you and I)

Oh, the toil he lost and the spoil he lost
And the excellent things he planned,
He was just a pug who didn't know why
(And now we know he never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Perhaps as you and I!)
Once an idol and star—but now thrown aside
(He couldn't come back even though he tried)
Then broken in spirit and pocket—he died—
(I hope not as you nor I!)

But it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand.
It's coming to know that he never knew why
(Seeing at last he could never know why)
And never could understand.

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Jack Delaney's Rapid Rise to Fistic Fame

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

LITTLE did Ovila Chapedelaine dream when he played with real live Indians on the Island of St. Francis, situated forty-five miles from Montreal, Canada, that one day he would get the opportunity to climb into the shoes made vacant by his illustrious countryman, the never-to-be-forgotten George La Blanche.

Just as La Blanche, one of the many French-Canadian heroes of the ring, became famous over thirty years ago when he shocked the fistic world by knocking out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey with a pivot blow on the jaw, Chapedelaine, better known to us as Jack Delaney, shattered the best box office attraction in many moons when he annihiliated Paul Berlenbach in Madison Square Garden.

Wonder if Delaney's ambition will be realized when he faces Harry Greb for the middleweight championship next month, the same as La Blanche's was on the historic day he dethroned the Nonpareil? Jack is cocksure in his ability to turn the trick.

Billy Dacey tells us that La Blanche was the first man to perfect the shift. According to Dacey, La Blanche did this long before Fitzsimmons. He used it prettier than Ruby Bob. But it was the pivot punch with which he laid low Dempsey that brought him fame and fortune. Tommy Ryan has a strain of habitat blood coursing through his veins. There never lived a greater exponent of the manly art than Joe Youngs, Tommy's family cognomen. Ryan came after La Blanche.

We had some other great fighters of French extraction who saw the light of day in Canada, among them George Lavigne, the Saginaw Kid, remembered first, last and all the time as the conqueror of Joe Walcott, and one of the greatest champions that ever adorned the lightweight throne.

Then there was Tommy Burns, or Noah Brusso, heavyweight titleholder in the days when the present Jack Dempsey was getting his first taste of life. The late Arthur Pelky, whose powerful right snuffed the life out of Luther McCarty, at Calgary, Alberta, was born and raised near the island of St. Francis where Delaney first saw the light of day. Recollect Dave Deshler, Patsy Druillard and Gilbert Gallant? Great boxers each and every one of them. The Irish, Italians and Jews outnumber the French-Canadians, but the latter have or had as many wonderful speciments of two-fisted scrappers as the 1924 leaders in modern pugilism.

Delaney does not come from a fighting stock. He did not inherit his great footwork and mastery of a left hook in combination with a devastating right cross. He claims it all came natural to him. His father weighs 210 pounds and is six feet one inch tall. He is in business at Holyoke, Mass. His four brothers, big strong men, are machinists by trade.

When the Chapedelaine's packed up bag and baggage and left St. Francis flat in favor of Holyoke where the American Thread Co., beckoned them on for work, Ovila, the baby boy, decided to shift for himself. He went to Chicago and got a job. At nights he learned all he could in school. He was an adept pupil.

Ten years ago when he was fourteen, he saw the land of promise at Bridgeport, Conn. As luck would have it, young Chapedelaine moved into an apprenticeship position with the Remington Arms people. His vocation, it seems, was cut out to be a machinist. He picked up the first rudiments of the trade quickly, and the foreman complimented him on his work. Promotion after promotion followed, until he was installed as a regular machinist with a good salary. Long will live in his memory has first large envelope.

In letters home, he advised his brothers to come to Bridgeport and get next to making munitions. They heeded his advice and now they are all the more thankful for the "kid's tip."

About five years ago Chapedelaine, as he was still known, took a fancy to boxing. He seldom missed a bout whether they were headliners or just ordinary attractions. He'd plan himself down near the ring and watch the boys go through their jabs and jolts.

Nutmeg State fans worshipped Larry Williams. Whenever Larry was programmed to appear in Bridgeport, he was the cynosure of all eyes. It occurred to Chapedelaine to get a close-up of Larry in his training quarters. Up he tripped to a dingy hole. There was Larry in all his glory punching some of the Main Street boys all over the place. One, two, three and four days passed. Finally the machinist waited for Williams to enter the place.

"Say, Mr. Williams, can I put on the gloves with you to-day?" Chapedelaine asked in most gentle tones.

"Shure, kid, any time," Larry blurted out in real pugnacious fashion.

It tickled Jack—we'll have to leave Chapedelaine out for the time being—to have gloves laced on his hands. Larry thumped his new sparring mate to his heart's content.

Delaney began to live in a new world. The licking he received did not hurt his feelings. It made him all the more determined to become Larry's chief sparring mate. A black eye, puffed nose and bruises on his face and body didn't faze Jack. The harder the lacing the more he liked Williams. He begged to be one of his seconds when Larry fought. Anything to please the boy.

Five years ago, to be exact, Delaney walked into the munitions factory, laid down his tools, and facing the boss spoke his declaration of independence: "You're going to lose a machinist but hear what I tell you, I'll be a champion fighter some day."

His preliminary ring endeavors attracted Al Jennings, veteran handler. Delaney, though crude, had many fighting qualities in his favor. Jennings saw them and he thought up the bright idea of capitalizing them. He put him in a few soft spots, gradually working him in the sticks. Delaney was brushing up on his boxing, fight after fight.

Jennings matched him with Bob Laga in the west. Misfortune followed although Jack scored his first knockout in three rounds. He broke the cartilage of the bone in the middle knuckle of the right hand.

The injury put Jack on the shelf for several months. It was patched up but it never healed sufficiently to allow him to use his best stock in trade with telling effect.

For all that Jack fought many sensational battles. In a setto at Boston, it dawned on Jennings that the Chapedelaine monicker wasn't snappy. The crowd usually gave the announcer the merry ha! ha! when he tried to pronounce it. So Al did the next best thing, he chopped it in half and his ears welcomed the sound of Delaney. "You're Jack Delaney from now on," said Jennings. And Delaney it has remained.

Delaney became the idol of Bridgeport when he trounced Lou Bogash in

fifteen hectic rounds. Two years ago he came to Brooklyn and flattened Bert Colima in seven sessions after one of the greatest middleweight scraps ever seen. He knocked Colima down five or six times but Bert refused to stay down until the referee humanely intervened.

His first setback came at the hands of Augie Ratner. Augie hit him in back of the ear with a long right. Delaney crumpled up as if shot. That didn't make Jack take a back seat. He started where he left off by knocking out George Shade in one round, outpointing Jack McCarron, Hugh Ross and George Robinson, the rough, tough negro, twice, and stopping Jackie Clarke and Leo Leonard.

For reasons best known to themselves, Delaney and Jennings came to the parting of the ways a little over a year ago. Pete Reilly, a Brooklyn sportsman, purchased Al's contract for $900.

Under Reilly's new management, Delaney began to show his class. He whipped Italian Joe Gans. He speared the Brooklynite with left hooks to the face and body. He seldom used the right. The only time he did it went out of gear again.

Doc Bagley, who was Ratner's mentor, didn't have to be coaxed for a return match. They clashed at the Commonwealth. It was for twelve rounds. Delaney turned the tables on Augie, giving him a terrific beating to boot.

Delaney defeated Andy (Kid) Palmer next. He boxed rings around Jimmy Darcy, semi-final to Greb and Johnny Wilson when the latter blew his middleweight laurels last summer at the Polo Grounds. The same old trouble returned and Jack was forced to take a long layoff.

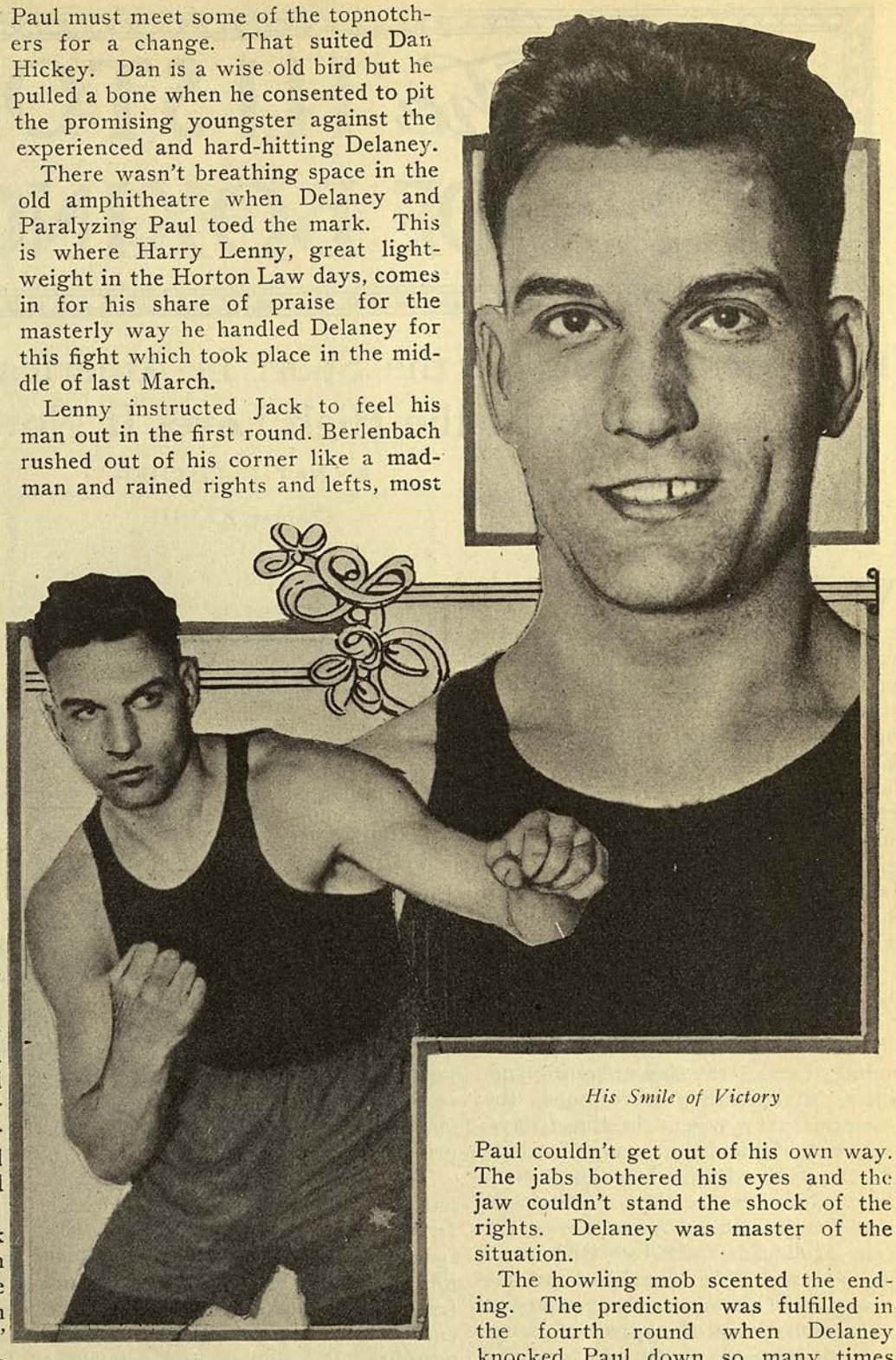
It remained for Dr. W. G. Fralick to perform a miraculous operation. In one minute and forty seconds, he gave Delaney a better fighting hand than Jack came into the world with. "Doc" Fralick also set fractured bones in the hands of Harry Wills, Jack Zivic, Ed Keely and Jeff Smith.

The first man to sample Delaney's made-over mauler was Tommy Loughran. Jack decisively defeated the Philadelphia light heavyweight in ten rounds at Boston. They fed him one Sailor Martin and he sunk the tar in thirty-nine seconds.

In the meanwhile Berlenbach had crashed into the limelight by his terrific punching powers. His name was on everybody's tongue. Tex Rickard saw a fortune for his Madison Square Garden arena in Paul. The New York State Athletic Commission ruled that Paul must meet some of the topnotchers for a change. That suited Dan Hickey. Dan is a wise old bird but he pulled a bone when he consented to pit the promising youngster against the experienced and hard-hitting Delaney.

There wasn't breathing space in the old amphitheatre when Delaney and Paralyzing Paul toed the mark. This is where Harry Lenny, great lightweight in the Horton Law days, comes in for his share of praise for the masterly way he handled Delaney for this fight which took place in the middle of last March.

Lenny instructed Jack to feel his man out in the first round. Berlenbach rushed out of his corner like a madman and rained rights and lefts, most of them failing of the mark. Delaney was on his toes. Most of the spectators thought Delaney was in for a licking if not lighting on the canvas for the full count.



Jack Delaney's Fighting Face

"Don't let him bull you," commanded Lenny as the second started. Paul started winging 'em from all angles. But he was tiring. Delaney could see through it all, although he had to be on his guard.

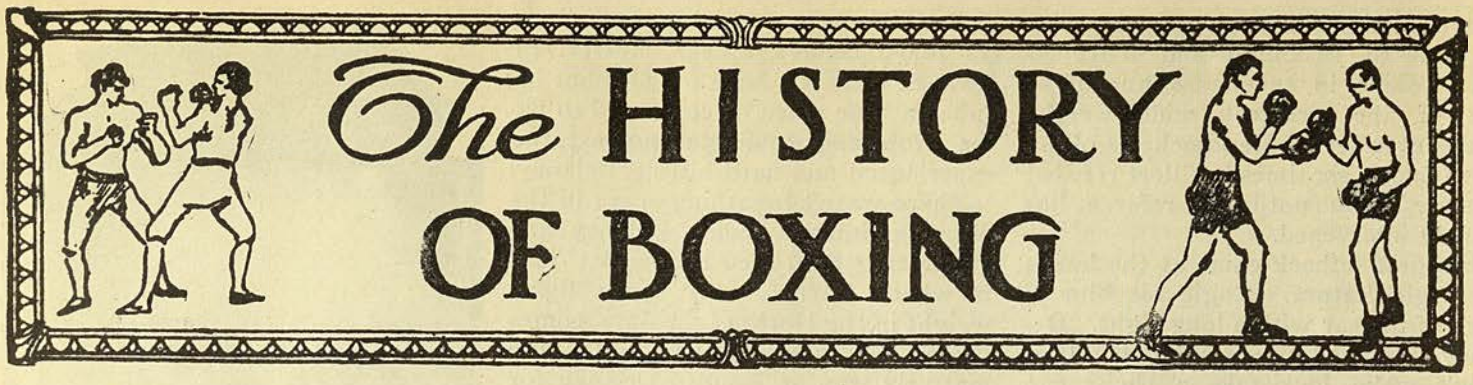
"Shoot the right and don't stop," Lenny ordered. In the third stanza Jack got the left jab in motion and crossed with the right opportunely. Paul couldn't get out of his own way. The jabs bothered his eyes and the jaw couldn't stand the shock of the rights. Delaney was master of the situation.

His Smile of Victory

The howling mob scented the ending. The prediction was fulfilled in the fourth round when Delaney knocked Paul down so many times that the ringside spectators pleaded with the referee to halt proceedings. Paul was out on his feet. Be it said in his favor that he went down like a real fighting man.

It is worthy of note that it took only three minutes to make the match with Greb, a record for a championship bout that will stand for years to come.

While he was strutting his stuff in Bridgeport, Delaney was casting covetous eyes on a pretty damsel—Miss Helen Milton, of Danbury. In celebration of his victory over Berlenbach, Jack made her his wife. They live in a cozy cottage in Bridgeport.



The Development of the Sport in America—How Boxing Has Reached the High Level It Now Enjoys

By NAT FLEISCHER

Chapter XXVIII

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WE have reached the stage in the history of boxing where it becomes necessary to devote considerable, if not the greater portion, of our data to America and the part Uncle Sam's subjects played in the development of the sport. While England, as we have shown in the last twenty-seven chapters, was the cradle of boxing, the seed that was sown in Great Britain grew to such gigantic proportions that the British Isles were unable to prevent its spread into foreign territories.

As was pointed out in the previous two chapters, America had several fighters of note listed among its stalwart athletes, but these fighters found little of interest in the sport in this country and travelled to England, where the pickings were good, the purses, as they went in those days, were enticing and the chances for battles frequent. It will be remembered, that included in the list of Americans who fought abroad were the great Tom Molineaux and Bill Richmond, negroes and they flourished in the early part of the nineteenth century.

It was not until the year 1810, however, that boxing made any headway whatsoever in this country and it was not until 1816 that the first American champion was crowned in Jacob Hyer who beat Tom Beasley. Of this fight, the first for the American title, more will be said in a subsequent chapter, when the lives of Jacob Hyer and Beasley will be fully discussed.

In order to introduce the American history properly, we will devote this chapter to a general resumé of how the boxing laws have been changed in this country, of how the sport has been legalized and the evolution of boxing from a roughneck's game to a scientific sport in which millions of persons are interested. With this by way of introduction, we will delve into the rise of America's pugilistic stars in a manner never before covered by any American writers on sports to the end that THE RING readers will have in their possession the most complete, the most authentic and the best written history of boxing ever published.

This country, which is today the El Dorado of pugilism and the Mecca of pugilists, made a very modest start in the sport of fisticuffs, but has distanced all other nations. From gatherings of a few hundred police-pursued spectators of a championship contest, with a few thousand dollars at stake, to the present day throngs of 90,000 onlookers, $1,500,000 gate receipts and $500,000 to the fighters, shows the amazing progress of the sport.

The treatment of patrons of boxing has also undergone a radical change. In the early days of ring contests, spectators were compelled to take long journeys into the forests or other unfrequented spots, and if fortunate enough to elude the authorities, were permitted to stand up and watch the bout. Nowadays, the man or woman who wishes to see a boxing bout can do so under the same conditions of comfort, convenience and safety that mark any other form of popular entertainment.

These conditions seem calculated to impress even the prejudiced opponents of boxing with the popularity of the sport. Yet, there are a certain number of misguided persons who apparently jump to the conclusion that whatever pleases the public, must necessarily be sinful and that explains why they attack boxing with all the fury inspired by bigotry and ignorance.

In spite of these malicious assaults on boxing by a band of alleged reformers who are compelled to make a showing in return for the huge sums of money received from billionaire moralists, boxing has shown steady and remarkable progress in the right direction. In the days of bare fist fights, boxing was without control, official or otherwise, and the evil element in the game—no branch of sport is without an evil element—took advantage of the opportunity to give the game a black eye. But with the abolition of bare fist contests and fights to a finish, coupled with state supervision through the medium of boxing commissions, the sport is now conducted with a fairness to contestants and a scrupulous regard for patrons not excelled in any other form of rough, vigorous contest.

The stock argument of the detractors of boxing is based on alleged brutality, but the reformers are silent when confronted by figures proving that several branches of sport, including football, baseball and automobile racing are more deadly than boxing. In fatalities football leads all sports by a wide margin. The contention that deaths are due to accident on the football field is too absurd for an instant's consideration.

No boxer and no football player has a desire to seriously injure an opponent, but each goes into action with a determination to win. In fact, the final instructions to football players as they start for the field are contained in this significant order: "Get Your Man." If the victim receives a fractured skull or a broken spine, it is all part of the game.

Therefore, if boxing is to be abol-

ished on the score of brutality, the lawmakers, to be consistent, must put the ban on football, baseball, auto racing, hockey, lacrosse and several other dangerous sports that could be mentioned. If the continuance of a sport depends on freedom from injuries to competitors, then all the virile pastimes patronized not only in America but all over the world, will have to be discarded. In that event the people will have to depend for entertainment on such exciting forms of sport as ping pong and mumbletypeg.

Fortunately, there is small chance of football, boxing, baseball or any other dangerous form of contest being abolished. Each may be subject to sporadic opposition, but the great mass of people in America demand the sports they like and will have them in spite of the blue laws and blue noses.

American boxing has been divided into three distinct periods. First, illegal contests with bare hands under the London rules beginning in the early part of the 19th century, and ending with the Sullivan-Kilrain fight in 1889.

Second, illegal contests with gloves under Queensberry rules, beginning about 1886, and still persisted in by boxers in States without boxing laws.

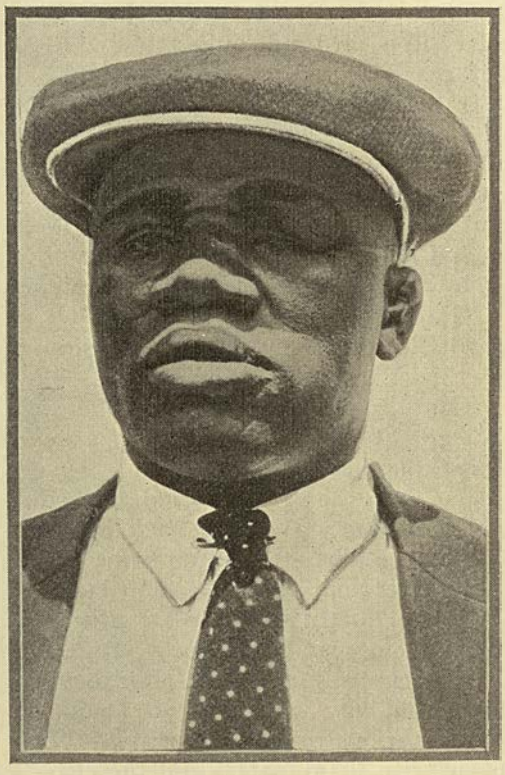
Third, legal bouts under Queensberry and commission rules, now quite general throughout America.

New York was the first state in the Union to legalize boxing, the law being amended in 1898 so as to permit of glove contests. This enactment was known as the Horton Law and as it failed to provide for the appointment of a commission to govern the sport, boxing fell into the clutches of the most unscrupulous clique that ever came into control of any branch of sport. The Horton Law lasted less than three years, being repealed in 1900 after a series of scandals that gave boxing the blackest eye it had suffered since bare knuckle days. With none to check or supervise the actions of the self-appointed rulers, the sport was plunged into a vortex of fraud with hardly a parallel in history.

Pre-arranged contests, "double-crosses" and other devious schemes were engineered with startling frequency, and so disgusted the sport-loving public that there was hardly a dissenting voice when the Legislature jammed the lid on the orgy of grand larceny. The boldest exploit was the matching of Peter Maher, a knockout hitter, with a man called Mike Morrissey, in an affair staged at the Lenox A. C., leading club of the Horton Law Trust. Morrissey was advertised as the champion of Ireland, and it was announced that he had just arrived here from the old sod. He trained in secret, and no one saw him till he was helped into the ring on the night of June 29, 1899.

Maher made a feint at Morrissey and the latter promptly fell on the ring floor and refused to get up. He was dragged out of the ring, in which not a blow was struck, hustled to the dressing room, got into his clothes and sneaked away.

Although efforts were made to locate Morrissey, they were unsuccessful, and he never has been heard from since. The club management did not return a penny to swindled patrons



Sam Langford, who is going blind. The above photo was taken last month.

and seemed to regard the matter as a laughable joke.

Following the repeal of the Horton Law, there was a long stretch of what was known as the "club membership system." This was a scheme designed to evade that clause of the statute prohibiting the sale of admission tickets to a boxing bout. The club members were provided with badges that admitted them to bouts, but they were compelled to pay their "dues" the day previous to the contests.

This was very unsatisfactory, resulting in much inconvenience to the "members" and frequent arrests of promoters. During this interval, James J. Frawley, a State Senator, and boxing enthusiast, kept a bill legalizing boxing persistently before the Legislature and finally succeeded in having the Frawley Law enacted in 1912.

This was the first law providing for a commission, but the appointees were unfitted for the work and the sport was seriously handicapped during the life of the law, which was brief. The commission that ruled during the Frawley Law made the mistake of prohibiting decisions, with the result that the champions and near-champions had a merry time waltzing with their opponents.

Boxing, after the repeal of the Frawley Law, lay dormant till 1919 when W. A. Gavin, organizer of the International Sporting Club, put his shoulder to the wheel, with the result that the Walker Law passed the Legislature. Although the bill was introduced by Senator James Walker, he frankly admitted in a speech at the Commodore, that the passage of the law was due almost wholly to the efforts of Gavin. This resourceful person not only enlisted the aid of many of America's most distinguished citizens, who were members of the International Sporting Club, but he accomplished a feat never before attempted.

Gavin obtained the signatures of 1,000 clergymen of New York State to a petition in favor of the passage of the Walker Law. This enactment went into force in 1920, and boxing has thrived since. The present desirable condition of affairs is due in large measure to the wisdom and honesty of William Muldoon, the ablest man that ever controlled the boxing affairs of the Commonwealth of New York.

As a large number of states followed New York's lead in the matter of a boxing commission, the example of the Empire State has had an excellent effect.

Therefore, while whatever distinction attaches to the fact of having been the "cradle of pugilism" belongs to England, yet the credit for the development of boxing to a vigorous and humane maturity is unquestionably America's. Again, while England was the pioneer in ring affairs, and started boxing two centuries before an American won a title yet this country's boxers today hold nearly all the world's championships.

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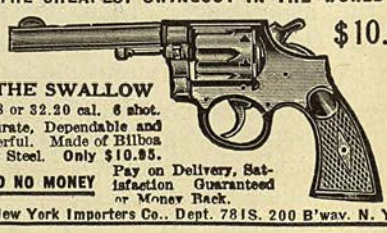

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Three Champion Jacks' Thanksgiving Turkey Raid

How Dempsey, McAuliffe and Skelly Captured Many Fine Birds for Their Poor Friends

By JACK SKELLY

IT was a gay and festive Thanksgiving Eve some 38 years ago, when I happened to meet my old pals, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe, in Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.

We had grown up from boyhood in the old fourteenth ward, Williamsburg, and had served our time together at the cooper's trade in Palmer's old shop. In those days we were almost inseparable and being strong, young and frisky, were always out for a lark.

A heavy fall of snow had taken place and the sleigh bells were ringing joyfully up and down the popular thoroughfare, while the small kids blew their big tin horns to make the pleasant scene more like a real holiday eve.

"What's on tonight, boys?" asked Dempsey, as he drew forth a roll of bills from his pocket.

"You're on, Jack," answered McAuliffe, with a broad smile. "After that flash of dough we elect you master of ceremonies."

Well, we three fistic Jacks held a consultation as to whether we should take in a show, attend a mask ball, hire a sleigh and drive down to Coney Island or over to New York and see a boxing exhibition at Tammany Hall. McAuliffe suggested attending the ball of the Larry Carroll Association. I thought a good vaudeville show was the best; but Dempsey turned to us and said with glee in his eyes:

"No, boys, cut all that stuff out. John Shanley is having a big turkey raffle down at his store. We'll go there and try to win a few turkeys for our poor friends. We can have a lot of sport and perhaps do some hungry people some good, if we're lucky."

We quickly agreed to this proposition, and were soon before Shanley's lively bar, mingling with a host of good fellows who were rattling away with the dice boxes. John, by the way, was Dempsey's first backer when the great Nonpareil fought and defeated Ed McDonald. For years afterward Shanley was always with Dempsey in all his important battles, and never missed a chance to put his coin down on him. It's sad to think they have both passed away, many years ago. May they rest in peace.

Of course we got a merry welcome from the bunch at Shanley's, for we were known as the three fighting Jacks and were very popular in our old hunting ground. Dempsey was especially so, as he had won a great skin-glove battle, defeating Jack Fogarty in a hard mill only a few nights before. This victory made him a hero.

In those days I never knew the taste of any kind of intoxicating beverages, and I don't believe Dempsey did, either. So we had our wits about us, and coupled with a stretch of good luck, Dempsey, McAuliffe and myself soon won a couple of fine turkeys each.

"Grab your turkeys, boys, and let's be off," said Dempsey, as he slung the birds over his shoulder.

"Come, have another drink before you go. What's your hurry?" asked Dan Gallagher.

"No more now," answered the gallant Dempsey. "We'll be back in half an hour to throw dice for some others." The Nonpareil was soon hurrying down North First Street with our turkeys close at his heels.

"Now there's a lot of poor devils down this way who have no Thanksgiving turkey to eat tomorrow. Let us surprise them, pals," said the charitable Dempsey as he ran up the low stoop of a shabby tenement house.

"All right, a grand idea," answered McAuliffe, as we followed our leader.

"Here's Widow Murphy with five little kids, on the first floor. I'll knock at her door," said Dempsey, as he pounded with his right at the door in the back of the dark hall.

"Howly murther, who are ye?" asked poor Mrs. Murphy, as she carefully half opened her door, rather frightened.

"Here's a Thanksgiving turkey for you, Mrs. Murphy, with the compliments of the three jacks," quickly answered my old chum with a laugh.

"May the Lord bless ye, me boys. I was praying to the Almighty this very minute that he might send the children something good for tomorrow. God bless ye again, me boys."

It was about the same sad story at every door we knocked at, and left a turkey. It didn't take many minutes to give away the six big fowls, and, at Dempsey's suggestion, we were soon back at Shanley's mixing up with the dice throwers again.

Dempsey was a quick-witted fellow, and he soon discovered that his friend Shanley was marking the names of the winner on tags attached to each turkey, after which they were placed in a big refrigerator in a large room back of the regular bar for safekeeping, so that owners might have their birds in good condition when they started in the wee small hours for home. A bright idea struck the Nonpareil, and he called McAuliffe and myself aside, and in a whisper said:

"These fellows have about thirty turkeys stored away in that big ice box in the backroom. Now, they are all well fixed and can afford to buy turks if it comes to a pinch. I'll get to the refrigerator and hand the turks out to you two. Take them out the side hall and give them away to the poor creatures who need a good dinner. You understand?"

Of course, we understood and we were soon on the job. In an hour's time there wasn't a turkey left in the refrigerator, but it was a couple of hours before the loss was discovered. Wow! Wow! Wow! but there was an infernal uproar. Even genial John Shanley was up in the air, for he said "it was the slickest trick he ever heard of," and he wanted to send around for Police Captain Martin Short and have the reserves called out. Dempsey, McAuliffe and myself could not help laughing at the storm of indignation. Finally Dempsey stepped to the front and explained the desperate robbery about as follows:

"Now, boys, let me explain matters. You all know tomorrow is Thanksgiving day and right here in this neighborhood there are many worthy poor souls who cannot raise the price of a good dinner. So McAuliffe, Skelly and myself gave to some of these poor creatures the six turkeys we won. But six turkeys will not feed many, so we came back and took the others and gave them to those who

"They were soon in the middle of the floor fighting for possession of the two turkeys."

were greatly in need. Of course, I'm to blame for this mean trick, but if there's any man who claims pay for their turkeys I will give each man a fair price out of my own pocket."

"No! No! That's all right Jack," cried almost every one present, except a husky big six footer, named Hall, who worked in Havemeyer's sugar house. He said he had two turkeys in the refrigerator and demanded that the Nonpareil give him ten dollars for his. There was a stiff argument over the price and Dempsey offered him a five dollar note, but Hall insisted upon the ten spot. Finally Hall threatened to wipe the floor with the Nonpareil

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Hall," said Dempsey, getting warmed up. "I'll fight you right here in the backroom for the two turkeys and twenty-five dollars a side."

This greatly pleased the crowd, who were always delighted to witness a good mill, and believe me they were all properly tuned up for a bout that festive Thanksgiving eve. Most of Dempsey's friends present, and especially Shanley, were a bit afraid that the husky sugar man was too big and heavy for the Nonpareil.

Shanley was always well supplied with boxing gloves, and a pair was quickly selected. The backroom was cleared of tables and chairs, and the contestants were soon in their shirt sleeves in the middle of the room. A referee and two timekeepers were selected and time was called.

Hall towered above Dempsey who looked like a mere boy alongside of the sugar house giant, but he was quick as a cat and in the first round he had his opponent bleeding from the mouth and nose. Hall made desperate lunges at Jack, but missed every time.

In the second round Dempsey continued to dance around Hall, poking him every once in a while with his wonderful left. Then he started to kid the giant and soon got his goat. At the end of this round, the big fellow was puffing like a steam engine in distress.

But what's the use of describing each round, it was a farce and burlesque as far as Hall was concerned, and he quit cold in the fourth session, declaring the Nonpareil was a wizard. I afterward learned that Hall was the bully of the sugar house and was held in holy terror by his fellow workers.

"Come and take a drink on me Hall," said Dempsey to the giant after the latter had washed up and got himself together. "Here's your twenty-five dollars, take it home to your family and learn that charity covers a multitude of sins. Let us drink to a plentiful Thanksgiving, boys!"

"The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable."

Pugilism Developing in Foreign Countries

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE rapid development of pugilism in numerous overseas countries during the past few years, appears to foreshadow a thorny pathway for the American champion in the not distant future. If Europe, which now boasts a titleholder in nearly every country on that continent were to produce a few champions of the calibre of Firpo, the situation would become decidedly interesting to the wearer of the American crown.

The United States has had a titular monopoly for so many years, it has actually become monotonous. Only thrice has America's world supremacy in boxing been menaced. The first world's championship tilt between England and America was in 1860 and although John C. Heenan easily defeated Tom Sayers, the American received nothing except a decision of drawn battle.

The English were more successful in the next contest, for Jem Mace defeated Tom Allen, the American titleholder in a ring pitched in this country. With the retirement of Mace, the world's title lapsed, and as a result of Sullivan's failure to make a match with Smith, British champion, or to accept challenges from Jackson, Slavin, or Goddard, a trio of dangerous opponents, the highest ring honors were in abeyance for many years. Jeffries re-established the world's title in 1898-1899, by his victories over Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons.

With the retirement of Jeffries, in 1905, both the American and world's titles lapsed, until 1907 when Tommy Burns, claimant of American championship, defeated Bill Squires, Australian title holder, and Gunner Moir, British champion. Thus the world's title has remained continuously in the United States for 25 years.

When Dempsey withstood the savage attack of Firpo, last summer, he solidified America's hold on the title for at least a year. Yet there is no certainty that some other South American country will not send a more formidable man than Firpo, in quest of the crown. In fact, a seven-foot Bolivian is now hurling defiance at Firpo. A battle between Firpo and the huge Bolivian might tend to change the heavyweight map.

So far as England is concerned, she has not at present any heavyweight worthy to meet Renault or Floyd Johnson, let alone Dempsey. Beckett has retired, and an effort will be made to establish a new championship by means of an elimination tournament. Australia, at present, is in the same plight as England, not having a man who would have a chance against our second string heavies. Carpentier still holds the heavyweight championship of France and of Europe, but the Frenchman has no chance of acquiring the world's title so long as Dempsey holds it.

Erminio Spalla, the Italian champion, has boxed in America and is known to be a fairly good performer, but by no means a topnotcher. The only known formidable opponents of Dempsey, at the present time, are Firpo and Harry Wills, as the large number of European titleholders are practically unknown. Unquestionably a new pugilistic star will rise in Europe, as a result of the numerous contests now being staged there, and it would not be surprising if a capable fighter representing one of the countries of continental Europe threw his hat into the international ring within a year.

If a new European fighter succeeded in taking the title away from Carpentier, it would mark a long step in the revival of interest in international boxing. In order to establish a European title deserving of general respect, it will be necessary for some fighters of that part of the globe to decisively defeat Carpentier.

The world's title tussle next year will undoubtedly bring Dempsey and Firpo face to face again, and as there does not appear to be a heavyweight in the United States, not barring Harry Wills, who would have a chance against Dempsey, a second victory by the champion would again relegate the title to the camphor cloths. In the event of a triumph for Firpo, the heavyweight market would become very active, as there are at least six heavies in the United States who would insist on meeting the new champion in the ring. If Europe were able to send over a better fighter than Carpentier, coincident with the Dempsey-Firpo battle next summer, it would tend to arouse unparalleled interest in boxing.

With the steady improvement in the sport and the increased number of champions in the different countries, it may eventually be necessary to hold tournaments, after the fashion of golf and tennis international struggles in order to select a world's champion. The first international tournament would no doubt be held in the country of the holder of the world's title, the winner of a majority of the battles to meet the champion.

In view of the fact that boxing was practically confined to England, the cradle of pugilism from 1719 to 1816, a stretch of 97 years, the spread of the sport has been truly remarkable. It is also true that no nation questioned England's supremacy in the squared circle for 141 years, the period between 1719 and 1860. In the latter year, Heenan invaded England in quest of the title, he being the first American born champion to cross the ocean in search of pugilistic honors. His failure to carry the world's championship back to America was due to absence of fair play for the challenger.

The United States began to evince interest in pugilism in 1816, when Jacob Beasley won the first title bout that had been staged on American soil. Twenty-five years later, Tom Hyer, son of Jacob Hyer, fought for and won the American title. Strangely enough both of the Hyers retired from the ring because they could get no one to fight them.

The performances of the Hyers attracted the attention of a number of Irish and English fighters who proceeded to come to the United States. A majority of the newcomers remained here, among whom were John Morrissey, Jimmy Dunn, Jimmy

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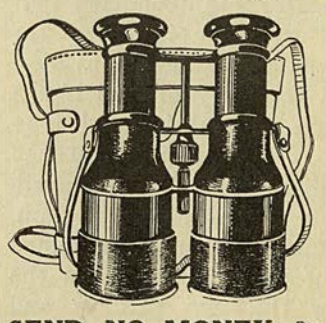

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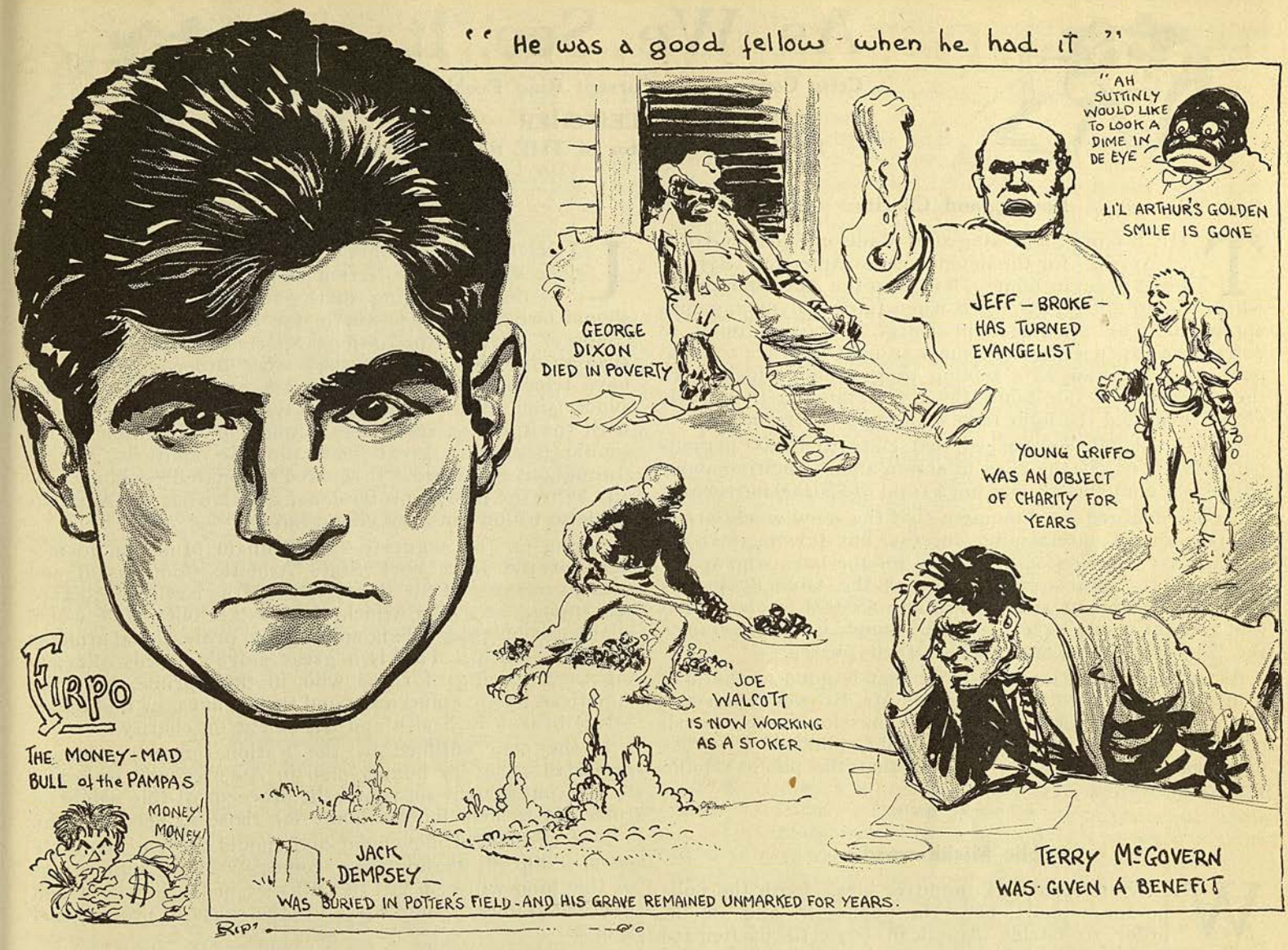


Elliott, Mike McCoole, Joe Coburn, Yankee Sullivan, Tom Allen and Joe Goss. All of the above named fought for the American title, and several of them held the championship. Among them were Allen and Goss from whom the American championship descended to Ryan, Sullivan, Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

America has always accepted a foreigner as boxing champion provided he settled permanently in this country, Allen, Goss and Fitzsimmons being notable examples. In England a man cannot hold a pugilistic title unless he is a native of that country. British Dominions like Canada and Australia cannot hold a boxing title in England.

Although Tommy Burns was born in Canada, he lived on the Pacific Coast for years and was accepted as the American champion after the formal retirement of Jeffries. Burns defeated a majority of a poor lot of heavies of the white persuasion, but studiously avoided a mix-up with Sam Langford, a very dangerous hitter. Burns was recognized as champion despite the amusing attempt by Jeffries to make a Christmas gift of the title to Marvin Hart. So much fun was made of Jeff that he finally admitted he was merely joking.

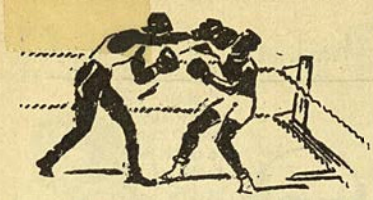
Jeff was not the only champion who thought he could retire and make over a present of his title to a personal friend. Jim Corbett once decided to step off the heavyweight throne and hand the sceptre to Steve O'Donnell, a sparring partner. Peter Maher hit Steve on the chin for a 30-second knockout and Corbett resumed his career as champion.

Joe Gans intimated that George Memsic would be his successor as the champion, but before Memsic could have a 6¾ crown fitted to his dome of thought, the fortunes of the African national pastime worked against Gans' bank roll and he cancelled the gift to Memsic.

After Jack McAuliffe had sampled the punching ability of George Lavigne in a six-round bout, the titleholder decided to retire, and casually remarked that so far as he was concerned Lavigne could have the title. The Saginaw Kid intimated that if McAuliffe did not retire voluntarily it would be his painful duty to evict him by force of arms. McAuliffe acquiesced.

When Terry McGovern retired from the bantam class and hopped into the featherweight division, he called Danny Dougherty one side and informed him he could have the bantam crown. Dougherty was in the act of dusting off the royal crown, when Harry Forbes gave him a ten-second hook on the port side of his countenance. When Danny awoke he found that his title had gone West.

Any champion who threatened to make a present of his title to a friend in this enlightened period of pugilism would be regarded as a fit subject for a couch in the nearest brain repair factory.

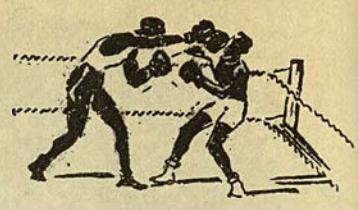


As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER

Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Boxing and Charity

THE Boxing Show staged in Madison Square Garden on April 29 for the benefit of the American Olympic Fund brought home a lesson to the American public which should not go unheeded when future Olympic games approach. The committee in charge of raising funds to defray the expenses of the American boys who are to compete abroad, arranged a boxing programme, which, with the exception of one bout, the Ever Hammer-Pete Zivic affair, furnished the fight fans with good entertainment.

It was officially announced that close to 10,000 persons paid $45,699 to see the boys in action and in addition about $5,000 was contributed, making a total of $50,000 in receipts.

No one doubted for a moment that the show would prove a financial and entertaining success, but few in the vast throng that contributed its money for the boys who are to represent the Stars and Stripes at the Olympic games abroad ever dreamt that out of the $50,000 far less than that amount would be left for the Olympic Committee after the "charitable" boxers received their purse.

As an organ that stands for all that is good in the field of fistiana, THE RING congratulates Mr. Brower, Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission for his harsh criticism of the Olympic Boxing Fund Committee for gross extravagance. THE RING believes that the public rebuke was well merited.

* * * * *

Public Misinformed

WHEN an Olympic Committee pleads with the public for support, asks the public to "chip in" in order to enable American boys to participate in the Olympic boxing bouts, reminds the fight fans of their duty as red-blooded lovers of sport, informs the public of the "great charity" practiced by boxers who are giving their services for a mere pittance and then pays to the performers far more than most of them ever obtained for a bout anywhere, not alone for a noble cause, it is time to call a halt.

Mr. Diblee, in charge of the matchmaking, and his co-workers, showed conclusively, lack of business ability in the handling of the Olympic Fund Show, and fully deserved the harsh words uttered by the New York State Boxing Commission. We hope this manhandling of so important an affair will serve as an object lesson.

We trust that the public will take the bull by the horns and in future Olympic Games, see that Uncle Sam's coffers are opened for the support of the American Olympic team so that extravagance and manhandling will be eliminated for all time.

* * * * *

Censure for Boxers

WHILE on the subject, we might also remark that the boxers who "so generously" offered their services and then mulcted the Olympic Team Fund, equally are deserving of censure. Such "patriotism" certainly merits reward. Yet when one comes down to a final analysis, we cannot blame the boxer for talking all the generous Olympic matchmakers offered them. The system is all wrong and the public should be guarded from such ridiculous action of the Olympic Committee in the future.

Helping the Needy

UNDER the energetic rule of James J. Johnston, president of the National Sports Alliance, that body is rapidly forging to the front and within a year should be the ruling power in the field of fistiana in this country. Already the National Sports Alliance, in its short span of life, has accomplished what other organizations have tried in vain for many years to do. Under proper supervision, with proper cooperation of its 1,000 members, with the spirit of selfishness eliminated, this organization should become a great factor in the uplift of boxing throughout the world. It can and undoubtedly will eventually be to the field of professional sports what the Amateur Athletic Union is to the simon pures.

Acting on the suggestion of William Muldoon, former head of the New York State Athletic Commission and present member of the Boxing Board, the National Alliance has started on a plan, which, if funds are obtainable would enable the building of a home for aged professional athletes in need of help. This is a great move towards alleviating the suffering of those who, in their prime, gave the American public amusement and thrills, but now find themselves broken in health and dependent on charity.

If the plan outlined by the National Sports Alliance materializes, every boxing club in America will be asked to give one benefit show and the proceeds of this would be sufficient to help build a home for those in need of help.

It is a splendid movement and should receive favorable sponsorship throughout the country. More suggestions of this kind will help put the Alliance in the limelight and gain thousands of supporters for the cause of professional sports.

* * * * *

Sam Langford's Plight

IF Commissioner Muldoon's suggestion becomes a reality, it will come to the rescue of many needy cases, especially one which has caused wide comment. We refer to the veteran Sam Langford, who is going blind after twenty-one years of continuous ring fighting.

Langford, to our way of thinking, was the greatest negro middle, light heavy and heavyweight scrapper that ever laced on a glove, and for that matter we'd go a little stronger and make the prediction that Tham and Jack Dempsey, both at the height of their career, the famous Boston socker would have given the present heavyweight king the battle of his life.

The old negro is broke. That's as it should be. He was generous and a sucker gambler. He never took the better of it. They put over loaded dice on him and made him play "winners" after the races had been run. He fell for everything—not wine, woman and song—but the lure of the gaming table.

In a great many ways Tham was a credit to his color. He never stepped out of bounds and like Harry Wills, he minds his own business and keeps in his place.

When Langford was good, there wasn't a man of his weight, or twenty pounds over, who could make him take a back step. He feared no man. His passion was to meet Jack Johnson for the crown that now rests on Jack Dempsey's dome, but the man of his color, who disgraced the race, refused to have any part of Langford.

Fans Should Help Langford

BUT that is neither here nor there. The point we want to bring out is that something should be done for "Tham." The famous "Tar Baby" always had his pocketbook open. His mania was to toss his dough around and make everybody happy.

Langford is over forty years of age. He is in great need. He should have retired years ago with a healthy bankroll. Up to four or five years ago he was a terror in the ring. Then his eyes started to go back on him and now it is feared, unless some miraculous operation is performed at once, he will lose his sight completely. Sad, isn't it, for a great fellow like Tham? It is a pity.

Sam was good at heart. When he fought the late Stanley Ketchel back in 1910, he was threatened if he hurt the Assassin. Sam promised he wouldn't and he kept his word. The bout went down in the books as "six rounds no-decision."

Langford encountered some trouble, however, in his stormy career. His six battles with Sam McVey went down in pugilistic history as classic. The question of supremacy was settled once and for all when, in the sixth and final set-to, Sam knocked McVey cold in the thirteenth round.

Joe Jeannette gave Sam some hard fights, but Langford usually was the better man. He gave Joe a fearful licking in Madison Square Garden fourteen years ago. In passing we might add that Sam flattened Harry Wills twice in 1914 and 1916, respectively. The first time he turned the trick in fourteen rounds and the second in nineteen.

* * * * *

Eliminating Hardships

WHILE on the subject of the Alliance, which, as we pointed out in our last issue, should not be identified as a New York organization, but a National institution, it is worthy of note that the Alliance is at present busily engaged in eliminating hardships placed upon boxers who have not yet reached their majority by combating the New York State rule which prohibits boys under twenty-one years of age from competing in bouts of more than six rounds. Such a rule is uncalled for, as some of the greatest boxers in the history of pugilism made their greatest strides before reaching twenty-one and quite a number won their spurs when only eighteen.

To deprive them of an opportunity to win a title before twenty-one, checks their progress. The Alliance is to be congratulated on its merited stand in this matter.

* * * * *

THE influx of foreign champions and near champions in this country and the rapidity with which they obtain star bouts to the exclusion of American fighters of merit, has caused a wide-spread protest and a just protest which may lead to a ruling that will prevent promoters from making foreign boxers headliners before they have exhibited their wares before the American public at least once.

Foreign boxers of unknown quantity have taken big money from the American coffers too often without giving proper value in return and it is about time a check were placed on their imposition.

* * * * *

In Re. Greb's Suspension

THE action of the Massachusetts Boxing Commission in suspending Harry Greb and Kid Norfolk for six months for "unethical" conduct, brings forcibly to the attention of the public the fact that champions nowadays no longer can stall, defraud the public by not giving their best while in the ring or resort to questionable conduct simply because they hold a title. The public is entitled to full protection. It is entitled to the best that a figher possesses and unless boxers live up to the sportsmen's code they should realize by this time that their actions will not be tolerated.

State Boxing Boards no longer are considered joke organizations. They have gained the faith of the public and it is rulings such as the Bay State Board made in the case of Kid Norfolk and Greb that act as a check upon unruly champions.

The public regrets that so splendid a boxer as Harry Greb, so fine a sportsman has to be set down for six months for conduct unbecoming a title holder, yet for the good of the game such decisions must be made by boxing officials. We hope the action of the Bay State Board will teach all champions a lesson. We hope it will bring home to them the fact that as champions they must set an example to the lesser lights and should do nothing in the ring that will bring them condemnation.

* * * * *

Patience of Wills Rewarded

WILLS' patience has finally been rewarded. The giant negro challenger for Jack Dempsey's crown has realized the goal of his ambition. After four years of persistent challenging Wills has been matched to test his strength, skill and courage with that of Jack Dempsey in a batle for the crown at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City next September.

The patience of Wills is to get its well-merited reward. The chances of the negro winning the heavyweight title are slim, in our judgment, yet Wills will go into battle with a horde of well wishers because of his clean life, gentlemanly conduct both in and out of the ring and because he has fought so bravely and persistently against odds to force recognition from the champion.

* * * * *

A Lesson Unheeded

WE are advised in our youth to profit by the mistakes of others and as we go along in life this little sermon is preached incessantly by the honest well-wishers. If only we *could* profit by the mistakes of others!

This thought came to our mind when we were informed by Willie Jackson over the telephone recently that he was about to return to the roped arena. Not quite ten years ago Willie Jackson, a native New York City boxer, rose to the very crest of the lightweight class when he knocked out Johnny Dundee. The thing had never been done before, nor has it been done since. On this bit of fame Jackson rode to fortune. But fortune turned his head, and "wine, women and song" did the rest.

* * * *

JACKSON accumulated a fortune. He fought on and on and developed into a "sure money getter," as they say in Fistiana. Domestic troubles intervened some two years ago and Willie retired from the ring. This, in itself, caused no unusual stir. Many a boxer passes each year. Age takes its toll as of old. The passing of Jackson meant only that another fighter had gone his course and had stepped back into the shadows where retired persons sit and grow old and mouldy.

The irony of it is this: "I am coming back to regain my fortune of $250,000 which I made in the ring and lost!" Willie informed us.

There is the old lesson unheeded. Poor Willie must come back to attempt to regain a quarter of a million dollars he made in the ring and lost outside of it—on the White Lights of a Great City.

The gay life, said Willie, broke him.

* * * *

THE same old story of an army of so-called friends who followed him about while he was in his glory, while he was able to throw money their way, and took from Willie the money he earned by hard knocks in the ring. And when Willie retired through force of circumstances this army of friends (what a gross insult to the noble word!) deserted him.

What this little incident seems to us to preach is nothing newer than that old one that had as its text: "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Fighting Fools

By VERNON VAN NESS

THERE are fools and fools in the fight craft upon whom we shower praise for their gluttony within the fistic circle. Men fight for love, for honor and for money. Some fight for all three. To ward off assault, of course, man will battle, as will animals. But then it is in the defensive mood, and self-defense is the greatest instinct in man.

We like the man who fights for the love of fighting, providing, of course, he does not provoke battle. The braggard is not a likeable person; the trouble-hunter always meets his just deserts. So we sift out the various kinds of Fighting Fools and discover among them strange and wonderful men.

There are, for instance, men like Kid Williams, Johnny Buff, Ad Wolgast and Bob Fitzsimmons. Here are four distinct types in the field of fistiana, men actuated by a strange fighting complex. Fitz loved to fight beyond the measure of his endurance and so did Wolgast. From the day Bob Fitzsimmons left Cornwall and strayed to far-off Australia and thence came to America, fight was in his blood. There is no doubt of that.

It was an instinctive impulse in his being. This ungainly person with the gigantic shoulders, the crushing punch, the awkward shiftiness and skill that amounted to real boxing science, loved his fight ever minute of the time he lived. We see him mounting higher and higher in the pugilistic firmament, reaching, finally, the very pinnacle and then, realizing Father Time was about to halt his pugilistic activities, poor old Fitz could not resist the last impulse, the instinctive demand from within him to engage in one final combat.

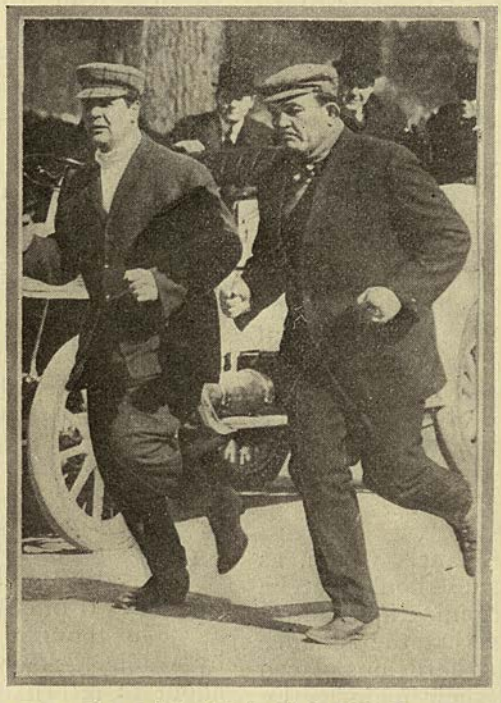
And that was the tragedy of it! The end of a great and mighty Fighting Fool!

Bill Lang, an Australian, who sought the laurels Fitz once had held, knocked Ruby Robert out in Sydney in 1909 in twelve rounds and with the defeat went the passing of a once noble fistic hero.

Of Ad Wolgast much might be written. He had that strange ability to assimilate punishment, the heart to throw off defeats without mental anguish and the vitality to keep on and on. But his end, like that of Fitz, was a sad one.

Ad today is but a misty shadow of the man who whipped Nelson. He was a Fighting Fool who is now paying for his folly.

Wolgast was a Fighting Fool who should have ended his career at its peak. Once he started on the decline,



When Jim Jeffries Trained for His Comeback

his fall was rapid. And yet we can not criticize this marvel of the ring for his unwillingness to step aside while yet the laurel was green upon his brow. How few of us recognize the turning in our roads of destiny!

Kid Williams, another champion; Johnny Buff, still another, are Fighting Fools. We use the present tense for these two still are at it. Williams is trying to regain the bantamweight crown. The little Baltimore Flash can flash as of yore but he can not flare for extended periods. His limit is a few rounds.

The smell of resin, the sound of stamping feet, the sight of shifting arms, and flailing fists magically draw Williams into the ring. A master craftsman in his time, he possesses to this day an uncanny skill and a power behind his punches.

What a fate, what a glorious one if he should remount his throne!

Johnny Buff not very long ago staged a remarkable fight in New Jersey and, as he put it, "did his comeback in fine style." Since then he has won several important battles in his attempt to regain his crown. There is a considerable stretch of the pugilistic highway for Johnny to trudge over before the final turn in the road. This road may not be the road UP but along this pugilistic thoroughfare you may bet Johnny will go full of pride, fighting as only a Fighting Fool can fight.

Why does a Fighting Fool never cease his toil, leave well enough or bad enough alone and turn to the easy chair and the fireside or to other fields of endeavor?

Surely they know that history forever repeats itself and that the undefeated champions who live among us and have passed the fighting age, are numbered by just ONE!

Yes, they know that and they care not—because they are Fighting Fools.

BEFORE RETIRING

By Grantland Rice

I DO not ask an awful lot,
I want no large amount of kale,
For wealth, I must admit, is not
Enough to put my soul on sale.

I have no envy for John D.
Or J. P. Morgan's golden tide—
Although if it were offered me
I might not run away and hide.

All that I ask is all the bills
They take in at the gate each night
If Dempsey tackles Harry Wills
And faces Firpo in a fight.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG

By H. C. Van Buskirk

A MANAGER once gave advice,
To a welterweight, Kid Fred,
His "line" was old, but full of spice.
For this is what he said:

"Now, Kid, lay off of wimmen, boy,
For wine, I do not fear,
You never took to liquid joy,
To bootleg hootch or beer.

And as for song, that makes me grin,
You'd sing a lovely tune,
I fear you'd almost strain your chin,
In wailing to the moon.

But, for the female of the race! ! ! !
Now, Kid, you just lay low,
I married twice, so in this case,
Believe me, Kid, I KNOW."

World's Oldest Living Professional Athlete

IF fighting means anything in the way of longevity we only have to refer to Old Billy McLean, a champion of the 70's and 80's, who has just passed his ninetieth milestone.

Incidentally, Billy comes from the old school of pugilism when bare-fist and blackened-glove contests were all the rage.

Observing the boxers of today Billy has this to say:

"Boxers of the present have it harder. I mean in this respect—when they get knocked down they have only ten seconds to recuperate. Compare this with a half minute in the olden days and you'll see my point."

The veteran McLean is still hale and hearty at 90 and is employed at Rittenhouse Square, a fashionable park of Philadelphia. He wears glasses and uses a cane but withal, Bill must keep in style.

"Sometimes," mused Old Billy, "I get a thinkin' of the days when I loved to fight. I was a middleweight but met heavyweights, too. And I can recall many of those contests.

"Twice, maybe three fights, I fought in a small room and beat my opponents. And it was no cinch to beat those men in the gone but not forgotten days, for fighters could fight with bare fists. I could hit pretty hard and so could others—so much for that.

"I fought Gentleman Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Coburn, Tim Hussey, Peter Jackson, O'Baldwin, Con Foley and Joe Goss and who could mention a more healthier lot of scrappers?

"In my days big purses like they get today were unheard of. And sometimes away back men fought for their own funds. I wonder what some of the boys of today would say about that.

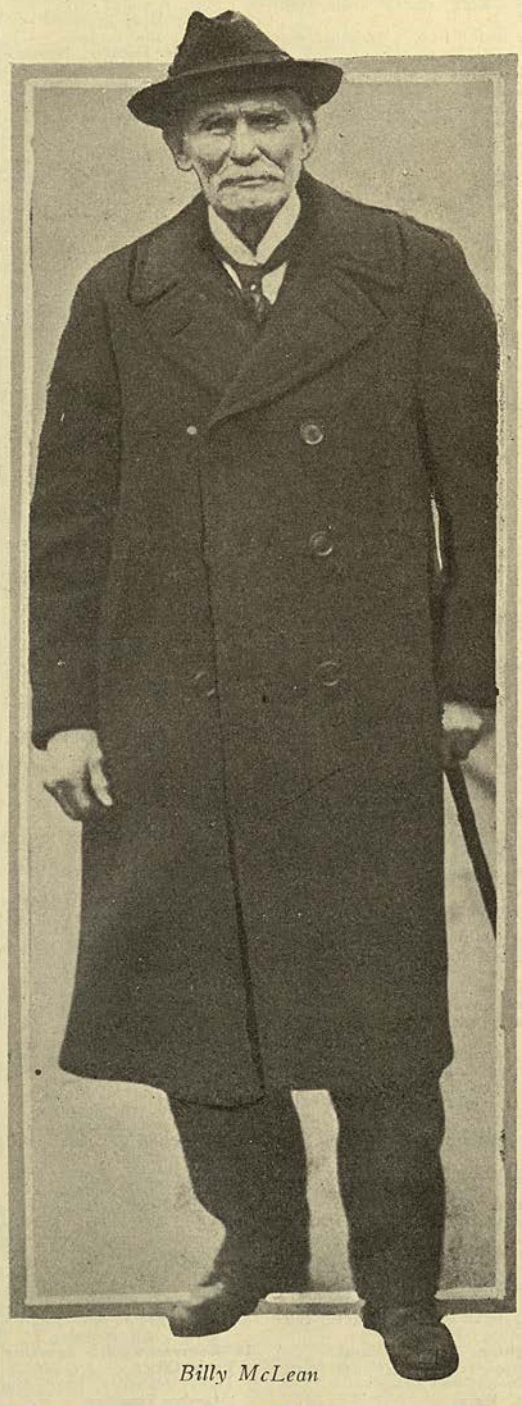
"Five hundred dollars was the most money I ever got for fighting," said McLean.

The veteran McLean besides being a popular fighter of the old days, was also a baseball umpire of some consequence.

When Princeton, Yale and Harvard colleges scheduled games Billy was the man assigned to call decisions and for every contest he was paid $100. He gave up this lucrative work because his eyes began to lose their keen vision.

Last December Billy McLean turned the corner of ninety. He has a trade, iron molder, and is of Scotch parentage. While he does no iron work today, still he is as active as a cricket for he is one of the chief gardeners at Rittenhouse Square.

Billy is a great lover of children and at the Park where he is employed

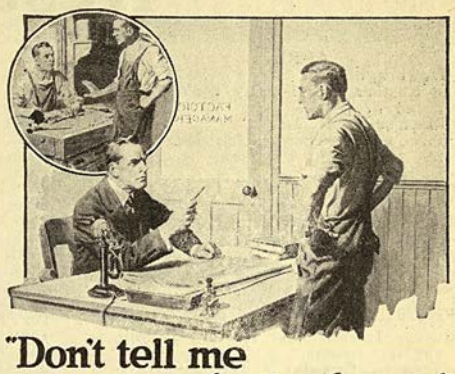


Billy McLean

all the kiddies flock to him, for they call him Grand Daddy.

The accompanying photographs show Billy at ninety. He is a well preserved fellow, has a white mustache and his big hands have never become smaller and Billy says he can still fight a little.

For courage, that's Billy all over.



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and decided to let the International Correspondence Schools help me. I wanted you to do the same, but you said, 'Aw, forget it!' You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

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Results of Boxing Bouts

APRIL

9—Newburgh, Pa.:
Joe Kestner and Tommy Burns, ten-round draw.

9—Mariesville, R. I.:
Charlie Manty beat Mick McAdam, ten rounds.

9—Baltimore, Md.:
Alex Hart beat Mickey Papner, ten rounds.
Tony Caponi beat Pete Husnic, ten rounds.
Eddie Leonard beat Dave Frey, ten rounds.

9—Hartford, Conn.:
Terry Parker beat Willie Shugrue, ten rounds.
Murray Layton beat Hector McDonald, ten rounds.

9—Toronto, Canada:
Jack Reddick knocked out Jack Bloom, five rounds.
Howard Mayberry beat Joey Geller, ten rounds.

9—Sedar Rapids, Iowa:
Billy Conley beat Chuck Lambert, ten rounds.

10—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Sid Terris beat Sid Barnard, twelve rounds.
Izzy Schwartz beat Johnny Hamm, ten rounds.
Charley Goodman beat Marty Silvers, ten rounds.

10—102d Medical Regiment, New York City:
Charley Pickey knocked out Frankie Konchina, two rounds.
Jack Stanley knocked out Al Miller, five rounds.
Red McGee knocked out Young Schwartz, three rounds.
Jimmy Gaudy beat Jack Mace, eight rounds.

10—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Jack McAuliffe and Joe Stossell, ten-round draw.
Willie Davis and Danny Williams, ten-round draw.

10—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Gats Cargano beat Joe Kline, eight rounds.
Jim Holliday beat Eagle Eye, second round.

10—Boston, Mass.:
Jack Delaney beat George Robinson, ten rounds.
Jimmy Amato beat Felix King, ten rounds.

10—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Allentown Joe Gans beat Andy Kid Palmer, ten rounds.

10—Fort Bragg, N. C.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Bobby Marcelle, four rounds.

11—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Ernie Goozeman beat George Butch, ten rounds.

11—Hamilton A. A., Passaic:
Joey Silvers beat Eddie Brady, ten rounds.
Jimmy Russo beat Willie Burns, ten rounds.

11—Troxler's, Newark, N. J.:
Johnny Britt knocked out Tommy Speno, eight rounds.
Bobby Morris lost to Al Bain, one round.

11—Boston, Mass.:
Hambone Kelly knocked out Wolf Larsen, six rounds.

11—Norwalk, Conn.:
Steve Smith beat Ruby Stein, twelve rounds.

11—Minneapolis, Miss.:
Fred Fulton knocked out Italian Jack Herman, one round.

11—Montreal, Canada:
Leo Kid Roy knocked out Tommy Nee, six rounds.

11—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Bobby Hamilton beat Billy Skelly, six rounds.

11—Appleton, Wis.:
Young Stribling knocked out Gunner Joe Quinn, nine rounds.

11—Manchester, N. H.:
Battling McCreay beat Jack Taylor, ten rounds.

11—Worcester, Mass.:
Jack McClellan knocked out Pat McAneny, two rounds.

11—Nashua, N. H.:
Martin Flaherty, Jr., knocked out Joe Burman, two rounds.

11—Lewiston, Me.:
Bing Cinley and Jimmy Darcy, twelve-round draw.

11—Fall River, Mass.:
Mick McAdam beat Joe Ritchie, ten rounds.

11—East Chicago, Ill.:
Warnie Smith beat Rem Williams, ten rounds.

12—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Bernstein beat Jack Hausner, twelve rounds.
Al Brown knocked out Willie Farley, one round.
Frank Carpenter beat Jack Schultz, six rounds.

12—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Wildman Gould beat Babe Orlando, eight rounds.
Jack Rafferty and Vincent Peppe, eight-round draw.
Gene Moriarty and Jimmy Carlson, eight-round draw.

12—105th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Johnny Adams beat Jack Kid Lewis, six rounds.
Otto Pierce beat Harry Sills, six rounds.
Pete Hall beat Pete Marino, six rounds.

12—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Bienfeld and Vincent Salvatore, six-round draw.
Al Liebowitz beat Max Savitsky, six rounds.
Nat Pincus beat Jackie Gordon, six rounds.
Billy Vidabeck beat Jack Ford, six rounds.
Harry Mulcahy and Jackie Coburn, six-round draw.
Mike Durano knocked out Sammy Goldstein, three rounds.

12—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Harry Murk knocked out Al Miller, three rounds.
Billy Wells knocked out Johnny Esmus, three rounds.
Jimmy Ruder beat Jack O'Neill, eight rounds.

12—Havana, Cuba:
Kid Charol beat Fred Archer, twelve rounds.

14—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Eddie Cannonball Martin beat Joe Souza, ten rounds.
Jack Snyder beat Wee Willie Spencer, ten rounds.

14—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Tony Vaccarelli beat Mickey Brown, ten rounds.
Al Felder beat Eddie Leonard, six rounds.

14—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Young Stribling knocked out Tex McEwan, seven rounds.
Joe Libby beat Vincent Lopez, ten rounds.
Johnny Mealey knocked out George Russell, eight rounds.
Jack Gallagher knocked out Earl Hartman, five rounds.
Chick Kansas beat Soldier Taylor, four rounds.

14—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Bud Christano-Johnny Brown, no contest, three rounds.

14—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dave Slade beat Frank Schoell, ten rounds.
Jimmy Slattery knocked out Pat Walsh, second round.

14—Troy, N. Y.:
Mike Dempsey and Jack Perry, twelve-round draw.
Rocky Scott beat Kid Blair, ten rounds.

14—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Tracey Ferguson knocked out Wop Manoleum, eight rounds.
Young Al Delmont beat Young Dp Bois, ten rounds.

14—Fourth Regiment Armory, Jersey City:
Mickey Taylor beat Lou Caputo, ten rounds.

14—Ned Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Danny Frush, ten rounds.

14—Baltimore, Md.:
Earl Biard beat Bobby Garcia, twelve rounds.

14—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman beat Izzy Schwartz, ten rounds.

14—West Brighton, Staten Island:
Gats Gargano won on a foul from Dixie Diamond, two rounds.

14—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Vic Brog beat Paddy Ryan, ten rounds.
Pete Zivic beat Johnny Moore, ten rounds.

14—New Brunswick, N. J.:
Sammy Kauffman beat Frankie Goldsmith, six rounds.

14—Muskegon, Mich.:
Bud Gorman beat Sailor Maxted, ten rounds.

15—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Tommy Ryan beat Harry Gordon, ten rounds.
Sammy Cohen beat Sammy (Young) Marino, ten rounds.
Tommy Milton beat Johnny Breslin, ten rounds.

15—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Frankie Pitcher knocked out Johnny Price, five rounds.
Soldier Jones beat Eddie Benson, eight rounds.

15—Albany, N. Y.:
Jimmy Mars beat Joey Baker, ten rounds.
Soldier Kearns beat Charley Arthurs, ten rounds.
Sid Rabon beat Johnny O'Connor, ten rounds.

15—Boston, Mass.:
Sailor Friedman beat Lew Tendler, ten rounds.
Benny Bass knocked out Young Wolgast, one round.

15—Lyric Theatre, Newark, N. J.:
Constable Smith knocked out Karl Mason, seven rounds.

16—Baltimore, Md.:
Red Cap Wilson won on a foul from George Chaney, two rounds.

16—Oakland, Calif.:
Jimmy Duffy beat Pinkey Mitchell, four rounds.

16—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
Billy Marlowe beat Manuel Lema, eight rounds.

17—Walla Walla, Wash.:
Peter Mitchie beat George Burns, six rounds.

17—Jerome, Ariz.:
Billy Hunefield knocked out Harvey Phelps, second round.

17—Miami, Fla.:
Antonio Valdez beat Mike Domonic, ten rounds.

17—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N.Y.:
Tony Palmer beat Willie Kohler, ten rounds.
Sammy Nable beat Billy Ryckoff, ten rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Charley Kohler, six rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Johnny Gornie, six rounds.
Al Liebowitz beat Benny Tell, four rounds.

17—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
George Brown won on a foul from Young Diamond, two rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Sapper Cohen, eight rounds.

17—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Petey Hayes beat Paul Fargo, six rounds.
Maxey Rosenblum beat Jack Ford, six rounds.
Johnny Middie beat Otto Pierce, six rounds.
Hugh Sarno beat Frankie Harris, six rounds.
Walter Wilde beat Marty Powell, six rounds.
Jack Rafferty beat Joey White, four rounds.

17—Laurel A. C., Newark:
Jack Rappaport beat Ray Mitchell, twelve rounds.

17—Sportsman Club, Hoboken, N. J.:
Jimmy Francis knocked out Tommy Driscoll, eight rounds.

17—Donohue Sporting Club, Passaic:
Buck Josephs and Frankie Fasano, twelve-round draw.
Jack Townsend knocked out Young Roscoe, two rounds.

17—Fort Eustis, Va.:
Bobby Garcia knocked out Tommy Arnold, three rounds.

17—Hartford, Conn.:
Johnny Griffin beat Willie Jackson, three rounds.
Kid Lewis beat Frankie (Young) Mack, ten rounds.

17—Fort Bragg, B. C.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Red Shannon, two rounds.

19—Boston, Mass.:
Harry Greb lost on a foul to Kid Norfolk, six rounds.

19—Havana, Cuba:
Jack Taylor knocked out Esparraguera, six rounds.

19—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Tiger Dlowers beat Jimmy Darcy, twelve rounds.
Johnny Gardner beat Eddie Palhus, twelve rounds.
Eddie Riley and Harry Mulcahy, six-round draw.
Frankie Singewald and Joe Didone, four-round draw.

19—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Petey Hayes beat Johnny Holmes, eight rounds.
Bobby Wagner beat Louis Caputo, eight rounds.
Dutch Eckhardt and Jimmy Foley, eight-round draw.

19—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Lew Perfetti and Johnny Breslin, six round draw.
Jimmy Russo beat Don Carlson, six rounds.
Fred Mace knocked out Jim Chapel, six rounds.
Willie Shaw and Al Pollio, six-round draw.
Harry Sutton won from Ray Davis, three rounds, foul.
Freddy Locke and Johnny Peterson, six-round draw.

19—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Kestner won on a foul from Joe Baker, seven rounds.
Johnny Ryan beat Eddie Clifford, eight rounds.

21—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Johnny Clinton knocked out Willie Doyle, four rounds.
Sonny Smith beat Danny Edwards, twelve rounds.

21—Empire A. A., Hobcken:
Ray Neuman and Lee Anderson, twelve-round draw.

21—New Brunswick, N. J.:
Benny Tell beat Marty Detcher, eight rounds.

21—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Mickey Walker beat Johnny Gill, ten rounds.
Johnny Griffin knocked out Pedro Campo, nine rounds.

21—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas beat Johnny Dundee, ten rounds.

21—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Eddie Shevlin beat Jimmy Jones, ten rounds.

21—Detroit, Mich.:
Tommy Ryan beat Henry Leonard, ten rounds.

21—Troy, N. Y.:
George West beat Frankie (Young) Laureate, twelve rounds.

21—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy (Kid) Murphy beat Young Brown, ten rounds.

21—Memphis, Tenn.:
Farmer Lodge knocked out Oklahoma Kid Harvey, one round.

22—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Eddie Cannonball Martin knocked out Al Pettingill, four rounds.
Joe Scogni beat Johnny Campbell, ten rounds.
Joey Leonard beat Billy Wiley, six rounds.
Mickel Satnick beat Carroll Setti, six rounds.
Tommy Downey beat Ray Schara, four rounds.

22—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Billy Marlowe beat Nick Mercer, six rounds.
Kid Bates knocked out Mike Doyle, three rounds.
Eddie Nedzel beat Tony Darcy, six rounds.
Frankie Bell beat Bob Anderson, six rounds.
James Mahler beat Jimmy Brown, six rounds.
Lew Cohen beat Nat Brandt, six rounds.

22—Albany, N. Y.:
Sammy Bienfeld beat Kid Rash, ten rounds.
Willie Spencer beat Giovanni Salerno, ten rounds.
Joe Scobbie and Six Rabin, ten-round draw.

22—Bayonne, N. J.:
Mike Ballerino and Joe Colmars, ten-round draw.

22—Boston, Mass.:
Young Tansey beat Bob Lowery, ten rounds.

22—Portland, Ore.:
Leo Gates beat Battling McCreay, twelve rounds.

22—Portsmouth, N. H.:
Joe St. Helaie won on a foul from Gunboat Jack, six rounds.

22—Reading, Pa.:
Emil Paluso knocked out Kid Wolfe, five rounds.

23—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Savoila knocked out Young Frankie, two rounds.
K. O. Jaffe beat Battling Hickey, ten rounds.
Jimmy Roberts and Mickey Crusco, ten-round draw.

23—Boston, Mass.:
Jock Malone beat Augie Ratner, ten rounds.

23—Mariesville, R. I.:
Tommy Kid Murphy beat Lew Paluso, ten rounds.

23—Cleveland, O.:
Eddie McKena and Pancho Villa, ten-round draw.
Sailor Friedman and Alex Hart, ten-round draw.

Al Zeimer beat Harry Gordon, ten rounds.

23—Venice, Cal.:
Eddie Trembly beat Sam Langford, four rounds.

24—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Carl Duane knocked out Packy O'Gatty, one round
Larry Goldberg beat Willie Darcy, ten rounds.
Henry Catena and Corporal Schwartz, ten-round draw.

24—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy McAleer beat Charley Picker, ten rounds.
Tossas Wolf knocked out Ritchie Martin, one round.
Bobby Murray knocked out Bobby Francis, two rounds.

24—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Al Norton knocked out Jack McFarland, seven rounds.
Harry Getzel beat Eddie Leonard, six rounds.

24—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Harry Martone knocked out K. O. Phil Kaplan, five rounds.

24—Laurel A. C., Newark:
Philly Krug beat Jimmy Kelly, ten rounds.
Joe McCartney and Joe Cavalier, ten-round draw.

24—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Jay Lanahan knocked out Tiger Nelson, four rounds.

24—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo beat Harry Galfund, ten rounds.

24—Waterbury, Conn.:
Louis Kapland and Cuddy De Marco, twelve-round draw.

25—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Johnny Curtin beat Bushey Graham, six rounds.

25—Boston, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Tommy Nee, ten rounds.
Jack Sharkey knocked out Eddie Record, seven rounds.

25—Ridgefield Park, N. J.:
Al Waldo beat Victor Lavellio, ten rounds.
Joe Dadone knocked out Whitey Miller, four rounds.

25—Kingston, N. J.:
Henry Shaw knocked out Jimmy Ryder, six rounds.
Steve Marco beat Johnny Hayes, ten rounds.

25—Toronto, Canada:
Jack Reddick knocked out Horace Jones, five rounds.

25—Norfolk, Va.:
Young Stribling knocked out Young Rollo, second round.

25—Akron, O.:
Norman Genet beat Frankie Mantell, twelve rounds.

25—Milwaukee:
Joey Sangor won on a foul from Danny Kramer, nine rounds.
Johnny Shauer beat Joe Tiplitz, ten rounds.
Benny Bass knocked out Sam Cranden, three rounds.

25—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bermondsey Billy Wells knocked out Sailor Liston, one round.

25—Omaha, Neb.:
Dave Shade beat Morris Schlaifer, ten rounds.

26—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Jack Palmer, nine rounds.
Jack McVey beat Fred Archer, twelve rounds.
Izzy Cooper beat Jack Porter, six rounds.
Murray Breslin beat Ivan Hawes, four rounds.

26—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Wilbur Cohen beat Al Felder, six rounds.
Tony Palmer beat Harry Sutton, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Frankie Albano, six rounds.
Al Scords beat Willie Suess, six rounds.
Al Liebowitz knocked out Bobby Vetti, three rounds.
Arnold Ryan and Ralph Noscho, six-round draw.
Charley Izzo beat Abe Greenfield, four rounds.

26—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Morris Meola and Joe Zink, twelve-round draw.
Charley Hoffman beat Petey Hall, eight rounds.

26—105th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Babe Orlando and Otto Pierce, eight-round draw.
Jimmy Carlson beat Gene Moriarty, six rounds.

28—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Tony Vaccerelli beat Jimmy Mars, twelve rounds.
Billy Gilmore and Joe Scappatobe, ten-round draw.

28—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Johnny Darcy and Willie Herman, twelve-round draw.
Henny Catena beat Sammy Bienfeld, twelve rounds.

28—Trenton, N. J.:
Jeff Smith beat Ray Neuman, ten rounds.

28—Canton, O.:
Willie Ames beat Johnny Dundee, ten rounds.

28—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Carl Tremaine beat Larry Goldberg, ten rounds.

28—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Steve Smith beat Young Luby, ten rounds.

28—Detroit, Mich.:
Tommy Loughran beat Charley Neshart, ten rounds.

28—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Harry Krohn, six rounds.
Bobby Tracey and Pat Mills, six-round draw.

28—Lynn, Mass.:
Mick McAdam beat Bud Dempsey, ten rounds.

28—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Dave Shade beat Allentown Joe Gans, ten rounds.
Nat Pincus beat Billy Bevans, ten rounds.

28—Allentown, Pa.:
Ivory Eshelman beat Sailor McCullough, ten rounds.
Bobby Williams beat Bobby Robideau, ten rounds.

28—Pottsville, Pa.:
Jackie Clark won on a foul from Lou Bogash, second round.

28—Scranton, Pa.:
Pep O'Brien beat Willie Devanney, ten rounds.
Billy Pollock knocked out Mickey Malloy, two rounds.

28—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Al Gordon knocked out Frankie Rice, eight rounds.

28—Troy, N. Y.:
Abe Weber beat Sailor Pacilio, ten rounds.
Frankie Curley beat Jack Curley, ten rounds.

28—Columbus, O.:
Herb Shaefer knocked out Phil O'Dowd, eight rounds.

28—Empire A. A., Hoboken:
Billy White knocked out Young Monroe, one round.
Joe Ross knocked out Eddie Livy, two rounds.
Al Liebowitz knocked out Jackie Feldman, two rounds.

28—Sioux City, Iowa:
Ernie Smith beat Eddie Morris, ten rounds.

28—Knoxville, Tenn.:
Wild Bill Reed beat Clemons, eight rounds.

28—Memphis, Tenn.:
Frank Dugan knocked out Robb Green, third round.

29—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Young Stribling beat Mike Burke, six rounds.
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Harold Abbott, four rounds.
Jack Zivic beat Ever Hammer, ten rounds.
Charley Rosenberg and Eddie Martin, ten round draw.
Pete Zivic knocked out Joey Kaufmann, one round.

29—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Andy Sakovicz beat Joe Stanley, six rounds.
Eddie Clifford knocked out Johnny Price, three rounds.
Joe Marino beat Joe Fatone, six rounds.
Abe Cohen beat Jack Marsh, six rounds.
Mickey Marks beat Joey Fox, six rounds.

29—Bayonne, N. J.:
Pete Mack beat Danny Edwards, twelve rounds.
Wee Wee Willie Burns beat Lew Bender, six rounds.

29—Albany, N. Y.:
Jabez White beat Kid Lewis, twelve rounds.
Marty Mandreville beat Frankie Maxwell, ten rounds.

29—Boston, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Terry Parker, ten rounds.

29—Louisville, Ky.:
Jimmy Finley beat Bert Schneider, ten rounds.

29—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Nate Goldman beat Joe Tiplitz, ten rounds.
Benny Bass knocked out Johnnie Brown, three rounds.
Ray Mitchell beat Danny Kramer, ten rounds.
Johnny Mealey and Danny Gartin, ten round draw.

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BECOME A HYPNOTIST

29—Paris, France:
Andre Routis won on a foul from Douard Mascard, four rounds.

30—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Benny Valger beat Al Delmont, ten rounds.
Pete August beat Herb Brodie, ten rounds.
Sid Bernard beat Jack Worman, ten rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Herman Singer, six rounds.
Enrico Savardo and Tommy Devine, four rounds.

30—Mariesville, R. I.:
Lew Paluso and Charley Young Manty, twelve round draw.

30—Baltimore, Md.:
Joe Dundee knocked out Johnny Donnelly, four rounds.

MAY

1—Vienna:
Georges Carpentier knocked out Arthur Townley, two rounds.

1—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Sid Terris beat Earl Biard, ten rounds.
Larry Estridge knocked out Jack Ford, three rounds.
Willie Harmon knocked out Willie Shaw, third round.

1—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Billy Wells beat Jimmy Gaudy, eight rounds.
Vincent Peppe won on a foul from Joe Melite, three rounds.
Mickey Black beat Vincent Sanchez, eight rounds.

1—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Kirscher beat Billy Wiley, four rounds.
Willie Suffy knocked out Jack Guida, two rounds.
Otto Goldverg beat Ralph Espisito, four rounds.
Joey Abrams beat Joe Davmero, four rounds.
Salvatore Auelli beat Percy Marco four rounds.
Tom Blair knocked out Sidley Burlew, second round.
George Lundun and Willie Mozart, four-round draw.
Tommy Downey knocked out Johnny Rivers, two rounds.

1—Passaic, N. J.:
Frankie Fasano beat Buck Josephs, ten rounds.
Jerry Ross beat Joe Porter, ten rounds.

1—Jersey City, N. J.:
Sparkplug Russell knocked out Charlie Miller, three rounds.
Johnny Dixon beat Skelly Lewis, ten rounds.
Joe Jackson beat Dodo Jackson, ten rounds.

1—Newark, N. J.:
Philly Lewis and Danny Cooney, ten-round draw.

1—Lowell, Mass.:
Bud Dempsey beat Newport Johnny Brown, ten rounds.

1—Toledo, Ohio:
Harry Gordon beat Eddie O'Dowd twelve rounds.

1—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Billy Vladabeck beat Jimmy Francis, ten rounds.

2—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Luis Vincentini beat Pal Moran, twelve rounds.
Allentown Johnny Leonard knocked out Carl Duane, five rounds.
Joe Glick beat Jimmy Hutchison, six rounds.
Joe Goletti and Terry Miller, six-round draw.
Jimmy Russo beat Davey Abad, four rounds.

2—Rochester, N. Y.:
Jock Malone beat Mike Dempsey, ten rounds.

2—Toronto, Canada:
Young Stribling beat Tommy Burns, ten rounds.

2—Baltimore, Md.:
Lew Mayrs beat Marty Harris, ten rounds.

2—Hamilton, Ont.:
Bobby Eber and Howard Mayberry ten-round draw.

3—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Tiger Flowers beat Ted Jameison, twelve rounds.
Al Brown knocked out Bobby Burns, seven rounds.
Andy Tomasky beat Murray Bressner, six rounds.
Frankie Hyland beat Eddie Crozier, four rounds.

3—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Kockansky beat Jackie Coburn, six rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Frankie Engle, six rounds.
Walter Plona beat Augie Pisano, six rounds.
Harry Duer knocked out Frankie Gano, two rounds.

3—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Fay beat Lee Wedo, ten rounds.
Frankie Cronin knocked out Kid Levering, third round.

3—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Frankie Houlihan and Kid Rash, ten round draw.
Louis Caputo and Joe Stenley, ten-round draw.

3—105th Field Artillery, New York City:
Steve Smith knocked out Sapper Cohen, two rounds.

3—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Dutch Eckhardt beat Harry Murk, six rounds.
Jimmy Ryder and Henry Shaw, six rounds.
Johnny Esmus knocked out Buck Duanem, seven rounds.
Jack O'Neill beat Joe Werner, eight rounds.

5—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Savoila beat Tony Sirocco ten rounds.
Sammy Berne beat Frankie Maxwell, ten rounds.
Harry Getzel beat Eddie Leonard, ten rounds.

5—Empire A A, Hoboken:
Harry Martone knocked out Frankie Quill, two rounds.

5—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Andy Chaney, ten rounds.
Lew Chester beat Tony Stabaneau, ten rounds.

5—Kenilworth, Md.:
Harry Greb knocked out Jackie Clark, two rounds.

5—Columbus, O.:
Bryan Downey beat Jack Delaney, ten rounds.

5—Trenton, N. J.:
Pat Mills beat Joe Marks, ten rounds.

5—Detroit, Mich.:
Abe Goldstein beat Clarence Rosen, ten rounds.

5—Manchester Mass.:
Lee Anderson and Battling McCreey, ten-round draw.

5—Toledo, O.:
Joe Packo knocked out Harry Krohn, four rounds.

5—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Tracy Ferguson beat Billy Woods, ten rounds.

5—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Johnny Dixon beat Young Harry Wills, eight rounds.

5—Baltimore, Md.:
Bobby Marriott knocked out Al Ward, two rounds.

5—Stamford, Conn.:
Johnny Rocco beat Young Angelo, ten rounds.
Willie Seuss knocked out Johnny Falter, one round.

6—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jose Lombardo won on a foul from Jack Hausner, three rounds.
Sammy Cohen beat Sammy Marino, ten rounds.
Tommy Lynch beat Vincent Salvatore, ten rounds.
Sid Bert knocked out Jimmy Gleason, five rounds.

6—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Ruby Stein beat Joe Petio, eight rounds.
Sid Buller knocked out Jack Marsh, four rounds.
Bobby Wagner knocked out Al Miller, two rounds.

6—Albany, N. Y.:
Johnny O'Connor beat Joe Scobbie, ten rounds.
Sid Rabin beat Jackie Mellman, ten rounds.
Izzy Cooper knocked out Frankie Caruso, three rounds.

6—Boston, Mass.:
Rocky Smith beat Fighting Bob Lowery, ten rounds.
Al Sears beat Vic Hirsch, ten rounds.

6—Tamaqua, Pa.:
Emile Paluso and Sammy Novia, ten round draw.

6—Columbus, Ga.:
Red Herring beat Harry Mason ten rounds.

7—Boston, Mass.:
Dave Shade beat Augie Ratner, ten rounds.

7—Providence, R. I.:
Charley Manty beat Tommy (Kid) Murphy, ten rounds.

2—Sacramento, Calif.:
Jimmy Duffy beat Kid Buccump, four rounds.
Jimmy McLarin beat Jimmy Griffiths, four rounds.

7—Mitchell Field, Long Island, N. Y.:
Billy Marlowe beat Midget Irla, eight rounds.

7—Hartford, Conn.:
Willie Shrugue beat Terry Parker, ten rounds.

7—Kingston, N. Y.:
Soldier Jones knocked out Jack Douglas, one round.
Joe Stanley knocked out Jack Graves, one round.

7—Waterville, Me.:
Eddie Polo knocked out Frankie McFarland, two rounds.
Al Delmont knocked out Young Tanguay, three rounds.
Charley Sheppard knocked out Joe McFadden, one round.

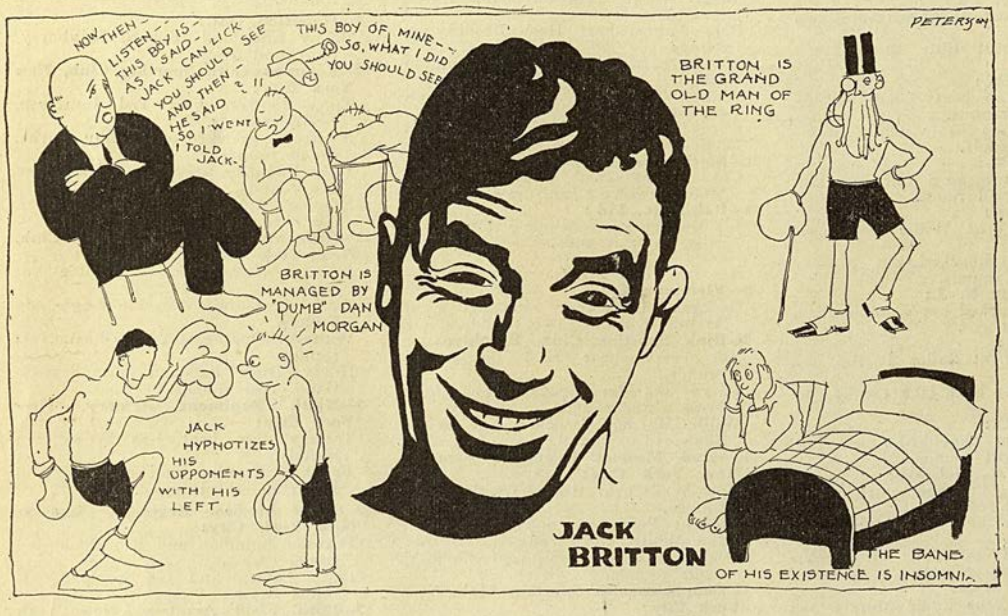
7—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pussy Walker beat Mickey Golden, six rounds.

8—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Willie Davis and Danny Williams, ten-round draw.
Paul Fargo knocked out Jack Worman, second round.
Lew Speizeile and Hugo Sarno, six-round draw.
Johnny Bran beat Johnny Navernick, four rounds.
Lew Reno knocked out Benny Hertz, third round.

8—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
George Brown beat Young Diamond, ten rounds.
Jack O'Day beat Pete Hall, ten rounds.
Steve Marcon beat Tossas Wolf, six rounds.
Bobby Francis knocked out Young Stephenson, first round.
Eddie Knott and Sammy Price, four-round draw.

8—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Irish Johnny Curtin knocked out Billy Ryckoff, eight rounds.
Willie Burns beat Joey Ross, six rounds.

8—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Italian Joe Gans beat George West, twelve rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat Johnny Gray, ten rounds.
Johnny Willetts won on a foul from Sam Markowitz, three rounds.
Archie Bell beat Eddie Levy, six rounds.
Lou Kreas beat Joe Diano, four rounds.



TAD'S TIDBITS

(*Continued from page* 11)

"I'm telling him to be careful, take his time, be deliberate, you know."

We got it. The word was deliberate.

When Kelly himself fought Joe Gans, the old master, he bulled himself into a great showing. For ten or twelve rounds it was tough going against Gans, but after that, at the end of each round, Kelly would turn and say to Gans, "I'd knocked you stiff long ago if my friends didn't bet you'd stay the limit." And Gans believed it.

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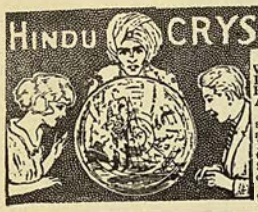
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SPIKED GUNS

By Grantland Rice

We heard far off the thunder
Of one big war in store,
And waited, deep in wonder,
To see the falling gore.
But silent are the "kill 'ems."
Our golden dream is spent,
For Dempsey's in the fillums
And Firpo's in his tent.

The mob of last September
Was far from being bored,
And each can still remember
The hurricane that roared.
That was the stuff to thrill 'em,
But now all hope is bent,
For Dempsey's in a fillum
And Firpo's in his tent.

I, too, once had the willies,
With heavy sorrow bulked—
The day that Kid Achilles
Got somewhat peeved and sulked.
But now I see but bare banks
Where summer streams are cold,
Since Dempsey's done a Fairbanks
And Firpo's spurned our gold.

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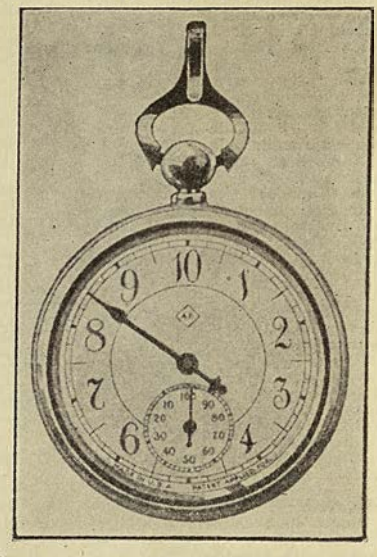

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Minute Rests Between Rounds

By Eddie Borden

WHILE Abe Goldstein is sitting pretty on the top rung of the bantam ladder, his predecessor, Joe Lynch, will attempt to rehabilitate himself with friends and fans alike by taking a stab at the 122-pound laurels. Joe claims making weight in the last two years almost killed him, and he is tickled silly that he blew his crown, for now he can rest in peace and enjoy some of the $100,000 he saved.

"I'll be Dundee's successor sure as you're born," confided Lynch some nights ago. "I feel better than ever and being able to go in at my natural weight, I'll make some of the contenders jump clean out of the ring. It feels great to be a champion and all that, but that weight business is all wrong, believe me. I was far from being the Lynch of old when I was dethroned. This is no slap at Goldstein; he'll remain the boss as long as he wishes."

Incidentally, Lynch and Eddie Meade, his pilot ever since he laced on his first glove, have come to the parting of the ways. There is a chance, however, that they will resume where they left off after the Goldstein fracas. They split once before and somebody made them up.

Lynch was accounted the greatest in and outer in the fistic pastime. When he was good there wasn't a man of his weight in the world that could give him a stiff argument; grouchy, out of sorts and what not—meaning bad—he was a sucker for the veriest dub.

Joe looked like a million dollars the night he triumphed over Pete Herman for the title once held by such renowned scrappers as George Dixon and Terry McGovern. A year later, quoted at 12 to 5, Lynch blew the works to Pete. He never showed up so miserably as he did in the return encounter.

Barney Cohen is the latest sportsman in the managerial ranks. He is in partnership with Joe Gould. They are steering the destinies of three high class performers, Johnny Reisler, Harry Galfund and Nat Pincus. Cohen made a flattering proposition to Charles Johnston for a match between Dundee and Reisler, but Charley gave him the air. Reisler returned from the Pacific Coast several weeks ago where he triumphed in half a dozen four-rounders. He got homesick. Upon his return he signed a five-year contract with Cohen. It will be recalled that Reisler before he went West defeated a number of junior lightweights.

Galfund is a Brooklyn welterweight. He fights somewhat on the order of Joe Lynch—in and outer. He was going great guns up Scranton, Pa., way until he collided with Pete Latzo. For reasons best known to himself, Harry put up a miserable exhibition and the fans up there couldn't understand it. Many believed Pete was in for a licking.

Cohen and Gould are sure they have a bantam find in Pincus. Little Nathaniel is a pleasing scrapper and a corking club performer. Once the first bell sounds he gets out in front and tries with all determination at his command to stay there. He never backs up an inch.

With the influx of foreign heavyweights, two American born and bred lads of established reputations offer themselves to the sacrifice of standardizing the class of the invaders. Bob Fitzsimmons, son of the great Ruby Robert, and Joe McCann, both hailing from Newark, N. J., want to trade wallops with Romero, Balsa and Erminio Spalla.

Johnny Keyes is singing the praises of Joe Scogni, who looks all over a promising welterweight. Recently Scogni sprung a surprise by whaling the tar out of Johnny Campbell, previous to which he defeated Joe Saviola. Scogni is a terrific hitter. He's about the nearest thing to the old-time type of fighter.

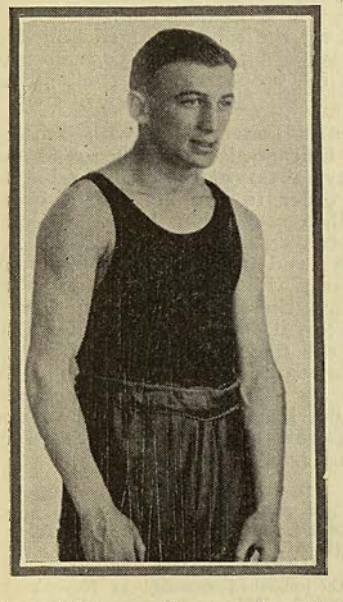
While on Keyes it is worthy of note that Pepper Martin made his peace with Johnny by appearing before the Commission and taking back what he said about his manager. Keyes and Martin split after the Duane scrap. Martin declared that he had been treated shamefully and cited many instances of the so-called bad treatment. He pleaded that the contract be nullified. In the meanwhile, Keyes was for selling the papers, but held on. Like a bomb out of a clear sky Martin went before the board and asked forgiveness. Keyes was called into the conference and when it was over Johnny and Pep walked out arm in arm. Keyes made a ton of money for the Brooklyn feather. He will continue to add fresh greenbacks in Pep's bank account.

The late Frankie Jerome has not been forgotten by his Bronx pals. A headstone, standing eight feet high and six feet wide, will be placed over his grave in St. Raymond's Cemetery, at Westchester. The stone was purchased by Mrs. Louise Doherty, Frankie's wife. The unveiling will take place Decoration Day in the presence of the immediate family, Louis Brix, his manager, and the members of St. Jerome's Club where the gamester learned the first rudiments of the fistic art.

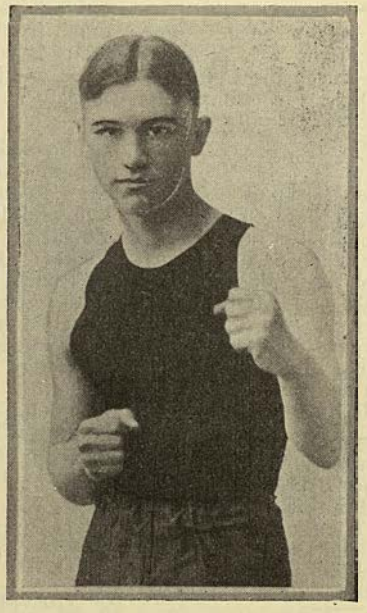
Georgie Doherty, Frankie's kid brother, has returned to the ring after a long absence. He is making more than good. Brix expects to clinch several important matches for him.

In sixty-two starts Eddie Burnbrook, the sensational Army welterweight, has compiled the wonderful record of forty-nine knockouts. This is an average of four out of every five starts. The majority of Eddie's k. o.'s have been turned in in service scraps. He also has compiled a mighty fine reputation against the professionals. Among his best known victims are Johnny Wolgast, Phil Bloom, Al Norton, Jimmy Kelly and K. O. Loughlin. He copped decisions over Paul Doyle and Jack Perry, and fought draws with Barney Adair and Eddie Shevlin.

Billy McCarney bemoans the fact that he can't get work for Johnny Nichols, formerly of St. Paul, now of Brooklyn. Nichols is a small welterweight. "I have been challenging Mickey Walker, Doyle, Ward, Burnbrook, Shevlin and some others without getting as much as a notice," writes Will. "The

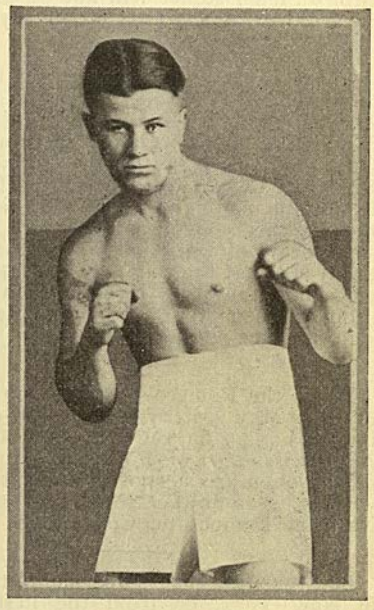


Joey Silvers, flashy Brooklyn featherweight, who has beat Dutch Brandt, Ruby Stein, and "Red Cap" Wilson, in his last three starts



Johnny Kochansky, crack featherweight, who was a product of the amateur ranks, and is making good with a bang

Jack Reddick, of Canada, who holds the middleweight championship and has been bowling 'em over.



Dave Forbes, of Cleveland, a welterweight who has scored seven consecutive victories. He has a big following.

matchmakers can't get any one to oppose him."

Carl Duane stumbled into some hard luck at Madison Square Garden, May 2, in his return engagement with Allentown Johnny Leonard. At the end of the fifth round of a ding-dong battle, Manager Billy Gibson asked Dr. William Walker, of the New York State Athletic Commission, to examine Duane's jaw. The doc refused to allow Carl to continue. An X-ray taken the next day disclosed the fact that he had an oblique fracture on the lower jaw of the right side of his face. This means that the popular Bronx Steam Roller will not be able to lace on a glove for the next six or seven weeks.

Three capacity houses greeted the return of fistiana in Madison Square Garden: April 29, the Olympic Fund show; May 2, Pal Moran vs. Louis Vincentini, and May 9, Quintin Romero vs. Floyd Johnson. Tex Rickard's temple was closed for five weeks to accommodate the circus. No sooner was the last act concluded on April 26 than a small army of workmen got on the job with the result that the ring was in its accustomed place and the seats layed out on the floor proper when the Olympic entertainment started three nights later.

When the Romero-Johnson embroglio was over on May 9, it rung down the curtain on indoor boxing in the metropolitan district. As this issue is going to press another army of workmen and a staff of experts are renovating the amphitheatre to take care of the National Democratic Convention.

For the first time since making his home in New York, or from the first day the Walker law went into effect, Tex Rickard blew himself to a vacation. He stayed away about three weeks. For a time he was a guest of John Ringling, at Sarasota, Fla., where the Giants trained, and then he moved over to Miami.

When he returned to the Garden tower, Rickard looked like a new man. He had a tan on his face for a change, and he was in good spirits.

Believe it or not, Benny Leonard grabs $100,000—American money—for making a series of twelve two-reel films for the Reputable Pictures Corporation. They will be released under the title of "Flying Fists." The old champ is certainly making hay while the sun shines. He got the picture thing while on the road doing his vaudeville stunt, which netted $3,000 a week. He had twenty-one weeks behind the footlights.

The late Charles F. Murphy was an ardent enthusiast. He seldom missed a headline attraction. He was from the old school and had to be shown. Two stood heads and heels over the rest in the estimation of the "Boss" and they were Jack Dempsey and Benny Leonard. Whenever the "Commissioner," as he was more popularly known, sat in, you could bank on Tom Foley being right at his elbow. The Tammany leader could use his fists in his boyhood days and saw some of the greatest battles in modern ring history. Whenever he got a chance he'd sit around and talk about the past and present boxers, and in most cases his feelings leaned to the warriors of the Horton law days.

The Garden gym is packed every day with several hundred embyro champions and a few topnotchers.

Eddie (Cannonball) Martin and Phil Rosenberg were the bright particular stars of the Olympic Fund show, held at the Garden, April 29. They fought ten bang up rounds and practically saved the one-sided entertainment. Paul Berlenbach enjoyed a good workout at the expense of Harold Abbott; Young Stribling making his first appearance in New York City, whaled the tar out of Mike Burke in six sessions; Jack Zivic defeated the ancient Ever Hammer in ten boresome stanzas, and Pete Zivic knocked out Joey Kaufman in fifty seconds of the opening scheduled four rounder.

The receipts totalled $45,699. The fighters received most of this sum. The cause profited to the extent of something like $15,000 or $18,000 including some contributions.

Financially the affair was a success but from a fighting standpoint it was a bust. Had it not been for the hurricane bout between Martin and Rosey, the spectators would have been within their rights in demanding their money back.

As far as we can gather the sums paid the warriors were as follows: (Almost official)—Stribling, $7,000; Burke, $1750; Jack Zivic, 10 per cent, equivalent to nearly $4,500; Hammer, $2,000; Martin and Rosenberg, $2,500 apiece; Berlenbach, $3,000, and Abbott $400. The latter was supposed to receive $1,000, but he was paid by the round. Berlenbach flattened him in four. Pete Zivic got $333.33. Joey Kaufman was paid pro rata—he lasted half a round. That made his share $37.50.

In addition to Jack Rafferty, Bobby Bolin and Georgie Doherty, Lou Brix, who guided the destinies of the late Frankie Jerome, had added two scrappers. They are from the south. One is a bantam and the other a flyweight. The former is Bobby Hughes, and 112-pounder, Delas Williams.

IOWA NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES
By DON FAIR

Dave Shade and Morrie Schlaiffer boxed ten rounds at Omaha last month with Shade taking the hand raise in the end. Shade outboxed the Omaha Hebrew and took seven out of the ten rounds, two going to Schlaiffer and the other even up. This is the third time these boys have started and finished with the same result.

Erwin Bige, Omaha's grocery clerk lightweight felt the punch of perfect peace for the first time in his career when Reddy Blanchard socked him on the button in the fifth round of their scheduled eight round bout. Bige was boxing well up until the fifth when Blanchard caught him square on the sleep spot and put him away.

Ace Hudkins, Lincoln lightweight has been suspended by the state boxing commission for disorderly conduct. Hudkins who is a very good prospect cannot keep out of trouble and is losing some lucrative engagements because of the suspension.

Owing to the weather conditions the promotors at the Municipal Ball Park in the Bluffs have failed to get under way with anything as yet.

Guy Buckles, Ohama middleweight, who was a top fighter when they had some real middleweights is back in town and handling several boys. Buckles has a lightweight whom he is developing for the professional ring that bids fair to make some of the skeeterweights go hard to beat him.

Teddy Gartin, Omaha welterweight continues along knocking over the best of the western welters and last week stopped Charlie O'Connel in two rounds at Fort Collins, Colorado. Gartin will box several more western bouts and then join his new manager, Harry Neary in New York. Neary is the man who developed and handled Midget Smith through one of the greatest careers a bantamweight fighter has ever enjoyed. Gartin with his powerful punch and clever boxing ability should make a hit anywhere in the country.

Roscoe Hall and Otto Wallace will box ten rounds at the Atlantic, Iowa Elks Club opening summer show. Hall will be up against one of the toughest boys he has ever been called upon to meet for the veteran Wallace still is a foxy ring general and a hard puncher.

Archie Ammons, Marshalltown, Iowa, welter has won his last three starts without much trouble and is steadily improving. Ammons is making the mistake of sticking too close to the home diggings and consequently fails to meet the proper kind of competition.

The writer in conversation with Tommy Gibbons in Chicago last month found the St. Paul heavy plenty sore. Tommy has to live and in order to live must fight occasionally. When asked why he has to fight suckers Gibbons replied:

"I must live and to live I must fight and if the good men will not try me, then I am matched with suckers. After I fight them I get panned for it, but I have hopes that some day I will find a good man willing to meet me; Carpenter, Tunney or Greb again would be to my liking if they will box me. If they will not I am forced to fight anyone that the promoters pick for me for as I said before I must live."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924.

State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th avenue, New York City. Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th avenue, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks should be given.) Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th avenue, New York City, John L. Dorgan, 91 7th avenue, New York City. Harold S. Fleischer, 1767 Madison avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1924.

(Seal) SAUL FLEISCHER.

Commissioner of Deeds, New York City. New York County Clerk's No. 211. New York County Register's No. 25081.

CAROLINAS GOSSIP
By CHARLIE SMITH

In one of the greatest boxing bouts that Savannah, Ga., fans ever witnessed Antonio Valdez, the Cuban champion, won a hair line decision over Lukie Tenner, featherweight champion of the South, in a ten-round melee. It was a nip and tuck affair throughout the battle. In the early part of the bout Tenner was accidentally butted over the eye. This had a tendency to dim the brilliant showing of the pride of Dixie and evidently swayed the judges in their decision. The fans were of the opinion that a draw verdict would have been the proper decision.

Boots Smith of Charleston, S. C., fought Johnny Marlowe of Savannah, Ga., in the latter hamlet, in one of the feature bouts of an all-star program. The long layoff that Smith has had was apparent throughout the contest. Marlowe came under the wire the winner.

On the same card with Marlowe and Smith, Red Edwards of Charleston, S. C.. through lack of condition, made a game stand against Mike Owens, "the Wildman of Chatham." It was apparent that if Edwards was in better shape he could easily have defeated the highly touted Owens.

Young Kid Williams of Charleston, S. C., went up the line into Wilmington, N. C., on April 20th and received the decision over Danny McDonald, Wilmington's star bantam. Williams floored McDonald twice in the early stages of the contest, and had his own way as the bout progressed.

Efforts to re-match Antonio Valdez, the Cuban champion, with Lukie Tenner, the Southern champion, have so far met with failure. It is evident that the Cuban delegation are well content to let well enough alone, being satisfied to insert in Valdez's record the winning decision over Tenner.

George Hagood, the genial manager of the Pinkusson cigar stand in Savannah, Ga., is still handling the pasteboards for all the boxing shows in that city. The popular George has been dealing out fight tickets to the patrons for the past twenty years, and it is safe to state he has handled more ticket money for boxing shows in the South than any other person. And George generously gives these services gratis.

Efforts have again been made to seek Tim O'Dowd, the Atlanta, Ga., claimant for the Southern featherweight crown, to mingle with Lukie Tenner, the recognized titleholder of that division. This is about the s'teenth offer that has been made to O'Dowd's manager. Incidentally the promoters of Savannah, Ga., are also angling after Claudie Wilson of Birmingham, Ala., to come to the seaport city and cross leather with Tenner.

Duke Barry, the veteran promoter and manager of boxers, has joined the colony at Savannah, Ga. Barry reports the game at a standstill in Jacksonville, where he held forth during the winter, as well as the other Florida boxing centers. He will remain in Savannah for an indefinite period.

Savannah fans are keen to see three bouts, with Lukie Tenner meeting Antonio Valdez, Tim O'Dowd and Claudie Wilson. Should these contests be arranged, the fans of that city would be well content.

Red Shannon, the New Orleans welter, is due to mingle with a good boy at Wilmington, N. C., shortly. Shannon is an exceptionally good performer, having met such battlers as Jimmy Finley, Red Hill, Dude Martinez, Young Marullo and other lights of the arena.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTHWEST
By DON CEE

April 1st was fools' day for many boxers all over the country, not least among whom was Mike Vasquez, of El Paso. Mike had been in the habit of winning easily from the opponents sent against him around San Antonio for two months prior to April, but when Promoter Shelton of San Antonio bethought himself of New Orleans to send for Valquez's April 1st opponent, he did the little Mexican from the far West no favor. Shelton arranged to get Charley Faraci, the five-foot-ten string bean fighter, out of New Orleans to pit against Vasquez for his main bout of April 1st and thereby hangs a tale.

Well, the El Paso Indian got the surprise of his life from the Italian string bean from New Orleans. Faraci showed the cleverness of a near champion and the craft of a tried veteran. Faraci got the better of his man in a whirlwind twelve-round scrap. He made so big a hit with the fans that the local promoter immediately gave him another match, with Brooke Stephens.

Jack Taylor, of Albuquerque, N. M., who manages Mike Vasquez, has a great little fighter, who always tries his best and never fails to please, win, lose or draw. Taylor should take his star meal ticket to the coast, as Mike has the coast style of fighting down pat.

Young Jack Spence, the two hundred pound comer of San Antonio, has been putting out some good stuff lately and winning his every start via the sleep route. His latest knockout was over a heavyweight military police soldier boy of Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. The soldier boy, named Norman, came out of his army outfit with a reputation behind him as being a tough hombre, but he lost all the rep he had after taking a few of big Spence's left hooks to the chin and a couple of short right jolts under the heart. Spence and Norman fought the semi-windup to Mike Vasquez and Charley Faraci. All the preliminaries ended in two or three rounds; in fact, every preliminary on the card ended in early knockouts.

During the latter part of April and first part of May, all the first and second strings of preliminary boxers and semi-windup boys around the Alamo City and the Army Camps of Texas were laid up with busted hands or cut eyes.

When approached to fight Tommy White, the lightweight champion of Mexico, Chuck Burns, of San Antonio, declared that he was getting a big guarantee to fight some other boy out in El Paso, Texas, which leaves us to believe that the promoters in El Paso, Ft. Bliss and Juarez, Mexico, have gotten together and will soon start putting on some high-class fight shows in the Juarez Bull Ring.

We receive word from El Paso and the East, that Jeff Smith is the latest middleweight to get off of Tiger Flower's train. Walk Miller, the Tiger's congenial, hustling manager, is forever singing the blues because the promoters can get no good middles and light heavyweights to meet the Tiger, and not least of the blue singers is Jack Shelton, promoter for the B. M. A. C. in San Antonio, Texas. Every time Shelton sends out a query for a good darky fighter for the Tiger Flower, he is met with, "Huh uh! I'se got a bad hand," or to be more positive some of the intended opponents for Flowers will exclaim, "No, suh, ma mamma didn't raise no foolish cullid chillen." So from here it looks as though Promoter Shelton is out of luck in securing an opponent for Flowers by the first of May, when he was intending to use The Tiger.

Bum Spears, the blind negro promoter of San Antonio, Texas, had Sonny Goodrich, of San Antonio, scheduled to fight Whitey Black, of Detroit, on April 20, but Goodrich developed a sickness of some sort at the last minute and Leo Shed, another local middleweight negro, was pitted against Whitey Black, the "Detroit Tornado." The Detroit Tar Baby knocked Shed out in an early round and then was matched for the following week to fight for Jack Shelton, who promotes the big fights of San Antonio in his new Market Hall arena.

Little Frankie Ford, of San Antonio, is coming right along and winning consistently. On April 10th he fought a good draw against Babe Galem at the Community House show in San Antonio. Galem is a more experienced and heavier boy than Ford, but the tin lizzie namesake gave his heavier opponent a boxing lesson.

Mike Vasquez, of El Paso, Texas, galloped home in front of Brooke Stephens (Kid Monte) at San Antonio, Texas, on April 8. Mike displayed rare boxing skill and uncorked a near knockout wallop in the second round when he pasted Brooke one on the lug, that sent the local boy sprawling, but the tough young local pride climbed to his feet and was in there for the remainder of the 12 rounds, taking a severe pasting, but the Far Western Indian could not produce another poison poke with sufficient force to put Brooke down again, although Mike kept pouring the poison to Stephens' face and body from every curve and angle. Vasquez showed rare form in beating Stephens and Brooke as usual gets much credit for being tough and game to the insides.

In the semi-windup, old rivals got together again and it was another draw. Rabbit Palmer and Frankie McFarland, the dearest of enemies, clashed in the semi for eight rounds that had the fanatics screaming and pleading for a knockout, no matter who got knocked out. It ended in another draw as usual, with Rabbit doing all the heavy work and Mac darting in and out trying to cut his opponent up and bleed him down. It takes more than a few cut eyes and lips though to make the vicious, mauling Palmer crawl off.

The rest of the preliminaries were good. Frankie Mason beat Johnny Hoffman in four rounds. Al Zandt knocked out Kid Santos in the third round of the curtain raiser.

Pasqual Coletti, of New Orleans, poured misery to the believed unbeatable Kid Pancho, of San Antonio, on April 15, and knocked the local kid out in the fourth of a scheduled 12-round bout before the B. M. A. C. Pancho looked like a winner until the fourth when Coletti rushed out and slipped over the old, well-known morphine anesthetic.

San Antonio fans are beginning to perk up and notice those N'awleens maccaronies, since Charley Faraci beat Mike Vasquez in the Alamo City, and now comes along Pascal Coletti and knocks over the little idol of the Spanish colony. Those fighting wops seem poison to the Mexican boys.

Reports are steadily pouring into San Antonio, Texas, where Tommy White, the lightweight champion of Mexico, is winning every start in the Republic, where he is now campaigning. Tommy will be ready for the big league Eastern lightweights in the East after this summer's campaign through Mexico, where he is meeting all the tough ones.

Jack Shelton, promoter par excellence of San Antonio, states that one of his big cards for the summer months will feature Tommy White against the best lightweight or junior welter he can obtain. Bobby Greene or Gene Delmont will probably be used against the tough slugging White

REVIEW OF THE SOUTHEAST
By DUKE BARRY

With northern visitors fast leaving the climate of Southern sunshine for their home towns, the boxing game in the Southeast, along the Atlantic Coast, is quickly closing for the summer and will remain so, with few exceptions, until next fall. The boxing fraternity have left or are fast leaving for pastures new.

Few clubs in this territory will operate during the summer. Atlanta, Ga., will undoubtedly continue, as they have an excellent open air arena. Tampa, Fla., will continue until the crowds fail to turn out, which they are apparently now doing. Miami, Fla., is trying to secure Young Stribling to meet Jack Middleton in a final show, while West Palm Beach and St. Petersburg, Fla., will put on one or two shows, then close.

Savannah, Ga., will no doubt continue to run spasmodically throughout the summer. At present the seaport city is trying to secure Jack Britton and a Jimmy Finley encounter. Fans there are very anxious to see such a melee. A return match between Lukie Tenner, Southern featherweight champion, and Antonio Valdez, the Cuban champion, is in the making.

We are in receipt of many letters daily from managers and boxers seeking news on the situation in this section. We wish to state that managers and boxers should not consider coming here at this time. The gates are pitifully small, excepting for the bouts in the making. Regarding the fall and winter seasons, very few promotors will pay transportation for talent to come south. But if boxers of good rating are located in Florida or some of the other Southern states, they can get enough engagements to keep them busy. Should any of these same boxers drop a few bouts or put up indifferent encounters, they should quickly pack their extra collar and hike.

During the winter season when the various resorts are filled with Northern visitors. good boxers can always draw good gates. But out of town boxers, with only local reputations, will find the game hard sledding. Florida, especially, can always get world famous ringsters. They apparently go there for a vacation, then take on a few bouts to pay their heavy living expenses. Moderately known boys will have a hard time getting star bouts.

Financially the game has been only good in spots. Governor Hardee of Florida, who issued an edict against nationally known boxers appearing in his state, dampened the game considerably. Matches were in the making to show Mickey Walker, Jack Britton, Johnny Dundee, Joe Lynch, Tommy Gibbons and others. Even Young Stribling, in the next state, was barred. This practically killed off patronage for a number of clubs. It closed Jacksonville, Fla., entirely.

Atlanta, Ga., topped the gate receipts when they flashed Young Stribling and Bill Shade, a couple of months back. Miami, Fla., made a winner on Stribling's appearance there. Gene Tunney, American light heavyweight champion, drew a small gate when he showed at Lake Worth, Fla. Tampa, Fla., with its mixed Cuban-American encunters, drew the best average for the season.

Should boxing become legalized in Florida and efforts are being made in that direction, the state will become one of the greatest in the country for the game. A million dollar race track will be finished by next fall at Miami, Fla. With the ponies running, boxing will go over big. Every one is aware of the fact that with the crowds at the races, boxing shows will be well patronized. A new arena has been built in Miami.

Two upsets occurred during the past month in which two of the Southern champions got the short end of the decision. At Savannah, Ga., Lukie Tenner was handed the loser's end from Antonio Valdez, the Cuban champion, by a slashing good bout. Early in the melee Valdez butted and cut open Tenner's eyes, with the result that the claret flowed freely and made it look as though Tenner was getting considerably the worst of it. A draw would have been the proper verdict.

Jimmy Finley, welter champion of the South, and Tommy Freeman of Hot Springs, Colo., clashed at Tampa, Fla., and Freeman won the decision. Jimmy was taking a much needed vacation, carrying plenty of extra weight and was woefully out of condition.

Often accused of knowing a good boxing prospect when we see one, we are letting loose with this info'. Columbus, Ga., has about the best looking featherweight we have seen on our Southern trip. "Boots" Antley is the kid we have in mind. Antley is a southpaw and a terrific puncher for his 124 pounds. We predict that he will shortly make the three leaders, Lukie Tenner, Tim O'Dowd and Lew Silver, look to their laurels and reputations in a very short space of time. Antley is good and will bear watching.

The mitt tossers are packing their grips or have already done so, some having already left or are getting ready to leave these parts. Jimmy Finley has gone to Louisville, Ky. Young Ketchell will transfer his bank account to the same city. Jack Middleton and Frankie Nancie will travel to New York around the first of May. Red Shannon of New Orleans is going west. Kid Williams of Palm Beach will travel farther north for bouts. Young Wallace will go to New Orleans, his home. Lukie Tenner and Tim O'Dowd, with their managers, Sol Tenner and Jimmy Mason respectively, are planning a New York invasion.

SOUTH ATLANTIC NOTES
By THE ROVER

The Jacksonville (Fla.) papers gave Tex Rickard plenty of space and glaring headlines on his arrival in that city for his Florida pleasure jaunt.

One of the biggest surprises the game has received in this section was the purchase of Eric Nelson's interests in the Southern A. C. of Atlanta, Ga., by his former partner, Holt Gwinner. The latter will have full control of the club in the future.

E. D. Alexander, one of the two promoters of Savannah, Ga., evidently is a glutton for punishment. Not content with running shows regularly in the seaport city, Alexander is promoting in Waycross and Brunswick, Ga., and expects to open Augusta, Ga., shortly. When Alexander finds time hanging heavily on his hands he arranges bouts for his stable of fighters.

Despite the fact that many clubs will shortly close down in this section, the game goes merrily on. At West Palm Beach, Fla., Jimmy Finley easily kayoed Joe Pugglisse in three rounds. At Columbus, Ga., "Boots" Antley won on a knockout over Freddie Boorde, in six rounds. Lukie Tenner lost a close decision to Antonio Valdez at Savannah, Ga., in a fast ten-rounder. At Tampa, Fla., Tommy Freeman took the decision over Jimmy Finley in ten rounds. All these bouts took place the first week of April.

Fred "Tiny" Roberts, the former Oglethorpe college football star, was knocked out by Bearcat Clemmens, in his first start at Knoxville, Tenn. Walk Miller, the Atlanta promotor and manager of Roberts, evidently underrated Clemmens as an opponent for "Tiny." The trick was turned in three rounds.

We are in receipt of a letter from Charley Holman of Baltimore, wherein this sterling little featherweight takes exceptions to Lukie Tenner's claims to the Southern title. Holman lays claim to both the featherweight and the bantamweight divisions.

Holman is a classy youngster. His defeats of Joe Ryder, Kid Williams, Patsy Wallace, Earl Puryear, Red Leonard, Joey Schwartz and others of the first division, stamp him as having some claim to the title. A bout between him and Tenner would assist greatly in clearing up the muddle.

Red Herring, one of the South's greatest fighters, regardless of weight, will swing into action against Harry Mason, the English lightweight at Columbus, Ga., on May fifth.

Tim O'Dowd of Atlanta, Ga., another claimant to the featherweight title of the south, is being kept busy by his manager, Jimmy Mason.

F. D. Alexander, the Savannah promoter, informs us that he has Young Stribling booked for the sea port city, the latter part of May or the first part of June. Alexander has about closed for a big piece of ground on which he will erect an open air arena and will feature some big attractions during the summer.

Young Ketchell, who has been flinging leather successfully throughout Florida and other states of this section, will join Tommy Moore, the Jamestown, N. Y., manager and will battle under Moore's banner. Ketchell will soon depart for Jamestown.

Tommy Freeman, the Hot Springs, Colo., welterweight who defeated Jimmy Finley, is an exceptionally good fighter. Freeman, according to newspaper accounts had Finley on a bicycle all during the ten rounds. Tommy is rated by New Orleans critics as the legitimate welter champion of the south.

Jack Middleton, the Jacksonville, Fla., light heavyweight, has a most impressive record. Out of 122 contests, Middleton has knocked out 85 of his opponents. These include the heavyweight and light heavyweight champions of Cuba, Esparguera and Caballero, respectively. Italian Jack Herman, Al Nelson, Joe White, Johnny Mack and the balance. Middleton will leave shortly for an eastern invasion winding up in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Duke Barry, who has been located in Jacksonville, Fla., for the past winter has headed north. Barry has not decided on his destination, but it will probably be around his old stamping grounds, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEWS OF ATLANTA, GA.
By COLEMAN McGRILL

The next fistic attraction here is Young Stribling and Dan O'Dowd, the New England light-heavy. These two battlers are scheduled to collide in a local ring before the Southern A. C., May 20. In addition to the Stribling-O'Dowd go, Billy McGowan, sparring partner of the Georgia pugilist, meets Harry Krohn, Akron, Ohio, light-heavy, in a scheduled ten-round bout.

* * *

William (Billy) Lotz is keeping his stable of battlers busy these days. His star performer, Larry Avera, junior welter champion of the South, is setting a fast pace for all the opposition hereabouts. Avera has won his last seven starts decisively. His services are in demand by all southern promoters. An effort is being made by local promoters to secure some well-known eastern pugilist to face the fast-stepping Larry.

Antonio Valdes, Cuban bantamweight, is another youngster who will bear watching. The little Cuban, who has been battling hereabouts the past four months, has won all his starts except one — with Tim O'Dowd, local junior feather. Since losing to O'Dowd the little Cuban met O'Dowd twice in return bouts. Result was a draw each time. Valdes' last fight was with Lukie Tenner, the little Cuban getting the referee's decision over Lukie.

* * *

The prospects look bright for a real world's championship match here in Atlanta between Mike McTigue and Young Stribling. Holt Gewinner, promoter of the Southern A. C., is trying to get local business people interested in subscribing the guarantee Paddy Mullins, manager of McTigue, demands for a fifteen-round fight. Gewinner will have no trouble getting up the cash. No doubt a bout of that kind would be profitable as Stribling is a big drawing attraction here as well as all through the South.

* * *

Lew Silver, popular local featherweight, who has been out of the ring since February 15 on account of an injured shoulder, will not be able to box again until the latter part of May as the injured member is not healing as well as was expected. The little dental student was forced to call off some attractive offers that his manager had lined up for the youngster.

* * *

Johnnie Kid Nappie, local bantamweight, and leading hustler here for THE RING, account of his connections with the World News Co., is going to make a come-back this summer. Nappie, who is a small pocket edition of "Fat Willie Meehan," will have to go some to get in fighting trim.

* * *

"Tiny" Roberts, former Oglethrope University football star, who has forsaken a college education for the prize ring, did not make a successful start when, in his initial showing in the ring, he was kayoed by Bill Clemmons. Roberts, who weighs 230 pounds, is not a bit discouraged by his defeat, and is working daily in a local gym for another start.

* * *

Jimmy Finley, Louisville, Ky., welterweight, and Ben Smith passed through here recently on the way east from Florida, where Finley had a successful season. Finley should be able to hold his own with some of the eastern stars as he is a fast-stepping youngster.

* * *

Tim O'Dowd, junior feather, is keeping himself busy these days. O'Dowd is quite a favorite around these parts, and shows frequently in the southern cities.

* * *

Walk Miller, hustling manager of Tiger Flowers, the fast-stepping Negro middleweight, made a unique offer to the promoters of the Milk Fund Show of New York. Miller offered the services of his protege free of charge if Harry Greb will consent to meet the speed merchant in a fifteen-round bout. Is it a little publicity you are after, Walk, or what?

* * *

Larry Avera, junior welter, spotted the "Walloping Wop" a little over a dozen pounds and gave the Army middleweight an artistic trimming, finally causing the referee to stop the fight in the eighth round. This was on the card held here April 29. Tiger Flowers received the decision over George Robinson, Boston light-heavyweight.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

Philadelphia fight fans are all het up over the approaching open-air battle between Ad Stone, the hard-hitting light-heavyweight from Max (Boo Boo) Hoff's camp, and Tommy Loughran, the clever South Philadelphia fighter, at Shetzline's Ball Park, May 19. This is the first time that these two rivals have ever met, and there is unusual interest being shown in the bout.

After being closed to boxing for several months the Arena reopened for one star show on April 29, when Nate Goldman defeated Joe Tiplitz in the ten-round windup. Now Goldman is anxious to step out against Lew Tendler again, and they will doubtless meet this summer. Goldman gave Tendler a rude setback when they met on New Year's Day, Nate knocking Lew down twice.

* * *

Russell Kid Joy, who was boxing as an amateur, will now be seen as a professional, and has changed his name to Buddy Wagner. He has been granted a license by the State Athletic Commission.

* * *

Johnny Burns, who looks after Nate Goldman and also runs the Cambria Club, put on an interesting benefit carnival on May 12 for the Ascension Catholic Club. This club promotes all kinds of athletic events. A battle royal, similar to the historic ones put on by Lew Bailey in the old days of the Broadway A. C., was one of the features.

* * *

Young Jack Dempsey, following his victory against Mike Carrier, is after bigger game, and wants to take on Ray Mitchell. Willie Edwards is looking after Young Dempsey.

* * *

Billy Gannon, who did a lot of fighting in and around Philadelphia, has taken up his residence in Baltimore. The former Philadelphian made a big impression in the Monumental City when he defeated Jack Ryan.

* * *

Willus Britt is walking around with a smile wider than usual these days as a result of winning the court decision in his case of Jimmy Sacco, his clever lightweight, against Nate Goldman. Britt has a number of offers for Sacco, and will have him in action soon.

* * *

Come-backs are all the rage in boxing, and Preston Brown, the colored fighter, who was in the limelight more than a half-dozen years ago, is working hard to get back in good standing. Brown was a sensational featherweight in his palmy days, and believes that he can still step with the best of them.

* * *

Danny Kramer's prestige was not dimmed when he lost a recent ten-round decision to Ray Mitchell at the Arena. Kramer gave away considerable weight and put up a clever exhibition against his lightweight rival. Kramer performs best when boxing in the featherweight class.

* * *

Philadelphia's promising junior lightweight, Babe Ruth, is being groomed by Jimmy Coster, and nothing would please the latter better than to get a crack at Johnny Dundee. Max Hoff also would like to send Eddie (Kid) Wagner against Dundee again, but the latter cannot see it that way. Wagner and Dundee met in an open-air show here last summer, and Wagner won.

* * *

Benny Bass is going great guns these days. He scored his ninth straight knockout when he put Johnny Brown, of New York, away in the third round in a recent show at the Arena. Bass is one of the sensations of Philadelphia boxing circles at present.

* * *

Billy Moore, former Philadelphia featherweight, has collected a stable and is anxious to have his boys show their stuff. The list of mitmen includes: Eddie Britton, welterweight; Jimmy (Mickey) Thomas, bantamweight, and Ray Sharkey, featherweight.

* * *

Herman (Muggsy) Taylor and Robert Gunnis, who will promote open-air shows at the Phillies' Ball Park again this summer, are getting some of the real stars lined up for their all-star affairs. They have a number of surprises to spring, and will show several world's champions.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By ART WINCH

Pals for a period of fifteen years, Jim Mullen, western boxing promoter, and Eddie McGoorty, famous as the Oshkosh whale when he was in the heyday of his career, have taken over the Ferretti Loop Gym, at 175 W. Madison street, where they are playing to capacity business daily. Mullen and McGoorty are perhaps two of the most popular men in the boxing pastime in this neck of the woods, and, with the combination of Harry Hochstadter, a sport writer, as one of their partners, and secretary and treasurer of the new corporation, are sure to do a land-office business. The new gymnasium sails under the title of the Mullen-McGoorty Gym and Health School, and all visting boxers are invited to use the gym, which is perhaps one of the best ventilated in the city. Bill Killefer and the Cubs were guests of the management of the new proprietors at their first amateur night.

Joey O'Hara, who defeated Johnny Karr at East Chicago, Ind., on March 17, and three days later beat Chuck Lambert at Fort Dodge, Ia., has started gunning for a return bout with Dave Shade. In beating Karr, O'Hara showed his mettle as a welterweight. Taking the match as a substitute when Morrie Schlaiffer ran out, O'Hara gave Karr a boxing lesson for ten rounds, while Karr never had a slight chance throughout the ten rounds. O'Hara is under the management of "Handsome Jack" O'Keefe, who also has a corking good light-heavyweight in Marine Reniere. Jim Mullen is after a match with Mickey Walker for O'Hara for some time this month, and there is a match pending with Billy Wells and O'Hara, which Mullen also intends to put on in Aurora before the summer goes by.

Some of the matches now pending at Mullen's Aurora arena are Charlie White vs. Sammy Mandell, Carl Duane vs. Frankie Schaeffer, Mickey Kramer vs. Joe Glick, Bud Taylor vs. Ernie Goodman, Joe Burman vs. Mike Dundee, Joey O'Hara vs. Dave Shade, and other top-notch matches. Mullen intends to run shows in Aurora every week with the best talent in the country.

There is a rumor going around that Charlie White has retired from the boxing game. That has been denied emphatically by Charlie White himself as he is planning a big campaign this summer and plans are being made for a match between Sammy Mandell and Charlie White to take place at Aurora the end of this month.

The Charlie White system that White has opened here in Chicago is something for him to keep himself in good condition and if anyone thinks that White has retired all they have to do is to take a walk down Sheridan road where White is doing roadwork every morning. White is planning a large summer campaign with a number of matches that will lead up to a championship bout with Benny Leonard before the end of the year.

Harold Smith underwent another operation on his injured knee, and according to information given out by Manager Buck Montgomery, it has been a success. Smith will be around within the next month and will be ready for actual ring battles by July. Smith still has a binding contract calling for a decision bout with Abe Goldstein, the bantamweight champion, for they were matched to box in New York last winter. The injury kept Smith from fulfilling the engagements.

Two Gotham clubs have Eddie Long's signature for Bud Taylor to box Abe Goldstein, the bantam weight champion. Tex Rickard wants them to work for him this month for the Milk Fund on June 23. Long has also signed Taylor for a fifteen-rounder at Henderson's bowl in Brooklyn with Pancho Villa for June 10. If both matches go through Taylor will be

N. Y. State National Guard's Leading Boxers

1. CORPORAL IZZY SCHWARTZ
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6. SONNY CASHIN
7. JOE GLICK
8. LEROY POWELL
9. EDDIE RILEY
10. JIMMY BARRY

meeting the world champions in one month. Manager Long has also signed his lightweight, Sammy Mandell, to box Kid Wagner on June 17th at Henderson's bowl, and has a match hanging fire with Johnny Dundee for the junior lightweight championship, while Jimmy Johnson of the Polo Grounds in New York wants this bout for July date.

Jack McCarty, the young west side junior lightweight, bears watching. This youngster, who has been battling boys at least five to ten pounds heavier than himself, is taking on weight and summer will be a legitimate 147-pounder, and Manager Jack Fitzgerald is after some of the better known boys to box McCarty.

Jimmy Gory, the west side welterweight favorite, has returned from Tacoma, where he engaged in one fight. Gory will be seen in action either at Aurora or East Chicago shortly. He is under the management of Jerry Leahy.

Warnie Smith, the Cowboy welterweight who recently defeated Morrie Schlaiffer in East Chicago, made the biggest hit ever made in that arena. He knocked Schlaiffer down in the fourth round for a short count and had him in bad shape again in the sixth round. Only Morrie's experience saved him from getting knocked out. All the newspaper writers at the ringside gave Smith the fight by a big margin.

Mickey Kramer, one of Buck Montgomery's and Art Winch's battlers, who has been on the sick list for the last month, sends word from his home in St. Louis that he is in shape again and will be here this month. Kramer's last victory was over Jack Eile, and it was his seventh straight win.

Harry Mueller, local lightweight who in the past six months won all his fights, is open to box any lightweights that the promoters can secure for him. He will be seen in action around here this summer in Aurora.

Solly Montgomery, the former Centre college football star, who aspires to honors in the heavyweight division, has started training at Mullen-McGoorty gym, 175 West Madison street. The big fellow has made a good impression with the fans who have seen him in his workouts. He has the speed of a welterweight and can punch with either hand. He is under management of Babe Mullany, who also has George Butch, St. Louis 122-pounder.

Willus Britt and Jack Laken have under their management a crack stable of fighters, which include the following: Jimmy Sacco, the Pacific Coat lightweight champion; Midget Kilburn, the best bantam in the State of Pennsylvania; Frankie Murray, flyweight champion of Pennsylvania; Charlie "Kid" Murray, lightweight champion of the Coal Regions; Young Brown, the Mexican junior lightweight of California; Willie Barry, featherweight contender; Frankie Thompson, light heavyweight; Jack Brown, welterweight; Tommy Forbes, heavyweight.

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo's crack bantam, proved his worth in his first bout in New York City when he defeated Harry Gordon, conqueror of Carl Tremaine, in a fast bout at the Pioneer Sporting Club. Ryan completely outclassed Gordon, winning decisively. Ryan is the most feared bantam in the ring and promoters have a hard job getting topnotchers to meet him. The local promoters have tried hard to get Pancho Villa to box him and Bud Taylor says he will box Ryan but not before the summer.

It now looks as though Ryan will box Joe Lynch, former bantamweight champion, here late in May.

Jimmy Slattery whipped Harry Krohn easily at the Queensberry A. C. here on April 28. Slats was too fast and hit too hard for the venerable Krohn.

In the other bouts Pat Mills and Bobby Tracey boxed a sizzling draw; Teddy Meyers defeated Luke Carr; Chris Newton, of Toronto, won from Joe Hall and Tom Cowler boxed a draw with Bob Lawson.

Rocky Kansas defeated Johnny Dundee in the windup of ten rounds at the Velodrome Club, April 21. Kansas was all over his man and banged out a pronounced win over the double champion. Dundee twice hit the canvas and Rocky came close to scoring a k. o. This victory puts Kansas in line for big money again and a Leonard match is a possibility this summer if Rocky can defeat Jack Bernstein.

Frankie Schoell lost a decision in a hard ten-round bout with Dave Shade at the Queensberry Club, April 14. Shade and Schoell put up a thrilling bout with action every minute. Many of Schoell's friends thought the Buffalo youngster should have had a draw and Manager Bert Finch obtained a promise from Leo Flynn to bring back Shade here again on May 23 to battle Schoell again. This bout will be for 15 rounds and should once and for all decide the question as to who is the better man, Shade or Schoell.

Willie Cunningham, local featherweight, is a good pugilistic prospect. He is coming along nicely and winning steadily.

Art Weygand, welterweight southpaw, is another who will bear watching. He is improving with every fight and is a hard hitter and a game, courageous battler. He looks very good.

The Buffalo baseball park, just completed, will be used for boxing shows all summer, President Sam Robertson announces. The new ball park, known as the Bison Stadium, is a beauty and will seat close to 20,000. Some of the matches proposed for the stadium are: Tommy Ryan vs. Pancho Villa; Jimmy Slattery vs. Jock Malone; Rocky Kansas vs. Jack Bernstein; Frankie Schoell vs. Mickey Walker.

Jimmie Mack is wondering why all the good flyweights are ducking his star 112-pounder, Frankie Mozdy, of Erie, Pa. Mozdy is a high-class fighter and a winner nearly every time out. He is willing to box bantams at 118 as well as flyweights at 112.

Mack has another good featherweight in Johnny Kozlowski, Rochester Polish boy. Kozlowski has had little ring experience, having had but a dozen fights, but he is too good for any of the feathers around here and most of them won't box him.

Bert Finch has a big colored light heavyweight here named Bob Lawson. This fellow is said to be a good one and in his first start here held Tom Cowler to a draw. Cowler weighed 220 to Lawson's 181.

Young Stribling, accompanied by "Ma" and "Pa," was in Buffalo last week on his way to Youngstown, Ohio. The writer saw Stribling defeat Tommy Burns, of Detroit, in an interesting ten-round bout at Toronto, Can., on May 2. Stribling's phenomenal ring work made a big hit with the Canadians and the Georgian has been booked for other bouts in Ottawa, Hamilton and Montreal some time in June. Stribling will be light heavyweight champion of the world before 1924 terminates unless something unforeseen happens. He is certainly the best boxer of his weight in this country.

Buffalo is to have an ice arena soon, according to present plans. The Arena of Buffalo, Inc., has been formed and it is the intention of the owners to stage boxing bouts as well as hockey in the big arena, which will seat ten thousand.

The Broadway Auditorium, where the Queensberry and Velodrome clubs stage their shows, is a fine place, centrally located, but oftentimes it is rented for other purposes for weeks and months at a time, which leaves the fans without boxing at many intervals.

The State Athletic Commission exonerated the Queensberry A. C. for selling tickets above the advertised price when it was proven that the club tried to correct an error which appeared in the morning papers stating that the general admission price would be $1 when $1.50 was charged at the door. The club corrected matters in the afternoon papers and had a large sign posted at the door explaining the error, which was a typographical one.

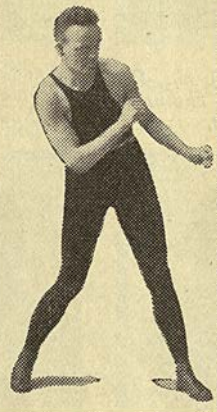
The Queensberry Club had announced right along its intention to charge $1.50 for the Schoell-Dave Shade show and there was no effort to deceive anyone.

The commission, however, announced a new ruling to the effect that hereafter there must be $1 seats at all shows, excepting a championship match. Fifteen per cent of a club's seats must be sold at $1.

Boxers Attention—

Featherweight, middleweight, lightweight and heavyweight boxers who wish to connect with one of the best managers in the boxing game in a city which stands out as a great boxing center will do well to communicate with HUGH SHANNON, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Telephone Crescent 4250.

How to Box and Train
MIKE GIBBONS'



Ten complete lessons show how to deliver jabs, hooks, uppercuts, and all punches used by world's greatest boxers. Also how to block, slip, duck, side-step and avoid all blows. All the successful tricks of clinching, infighting, and feinting—How to deliver a knockout punch—All the inside defensive tricks which enabled TOM GIBBONS to avoid Champion Jack Dempsey's knockout punches for 15 rounds. **FULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIAL PHOTOS OF MIKE AND TOM GIBBONS.** Easy to learn. Will make you clever boxer and hard hitter in short time.

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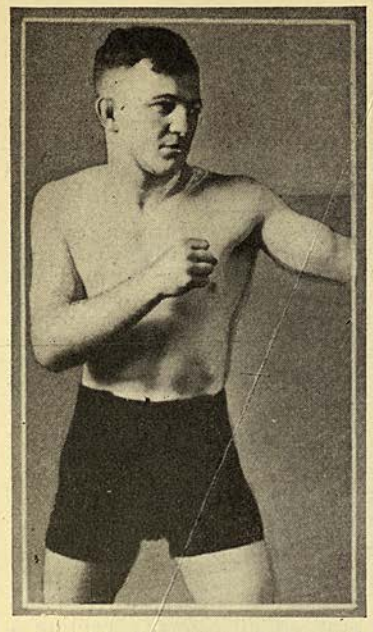
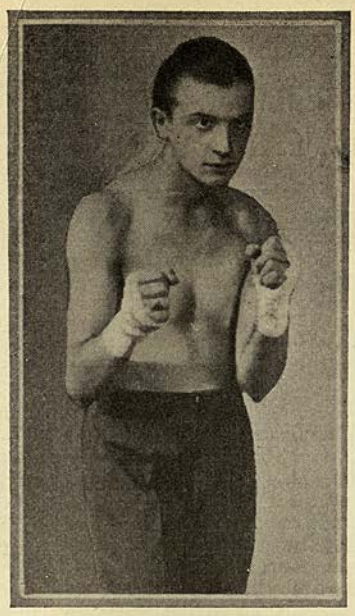
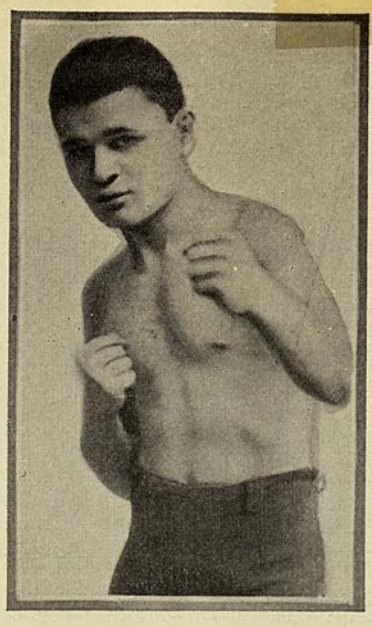


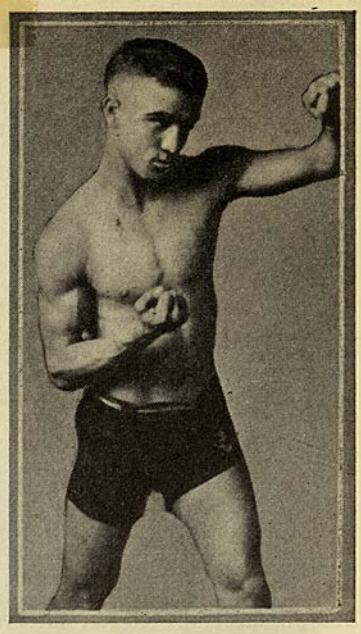
Red Mack, leading up-state representative for titular lightweight honors.



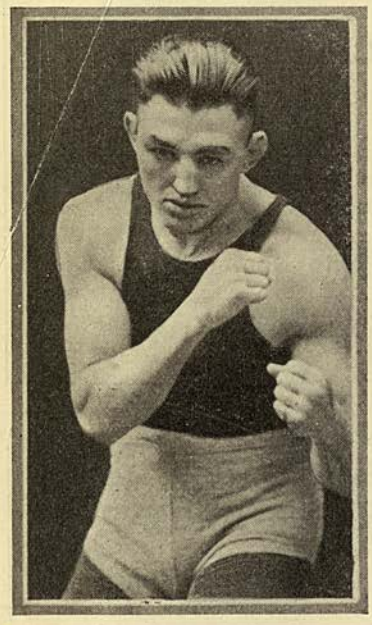
Jack Wilson, 135 pound Philadelphian, who like Lew Tendler, is a southpaw.



Harry Getzel, Jack Jones's flyweight contender of New York who is making rapid strides.

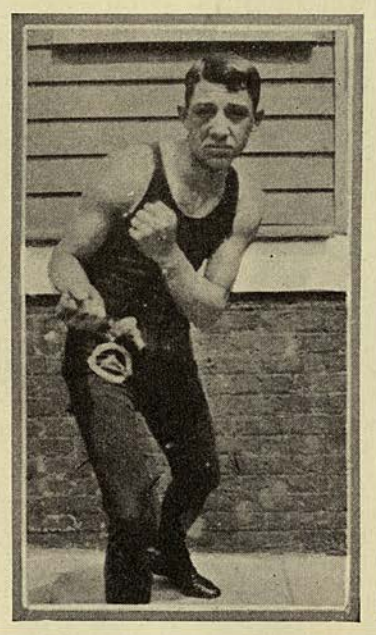


Young Rogers, crack junior-lightweight from Albany, who challenges the best of the 130 pounders.

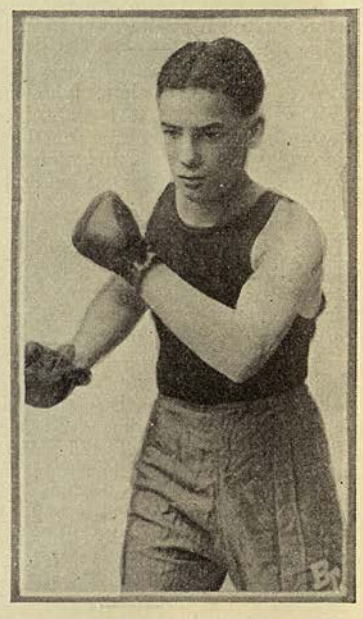


Jimmy Sacco of California, Pacific Coast lightweight champion managed by Willus Britt.

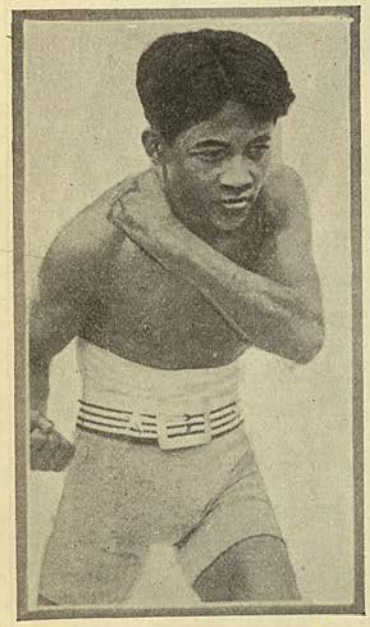
Frank Nanci of Miami. A battler who has done good work in the South Atlantic States.



Bannie Pavese of Newark, an Atlantic Coast lightweight who is making splendid headway.

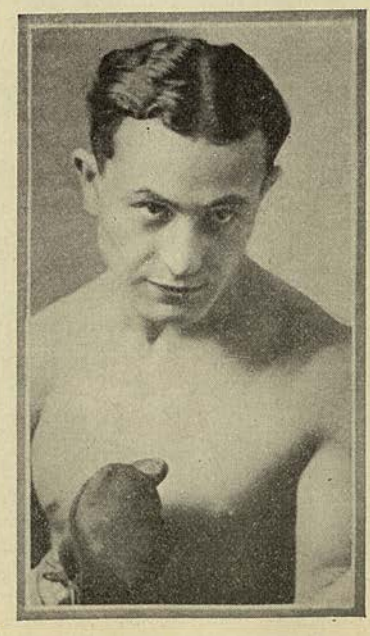


Benny Tell, former amateur flyweight champion, who is creating quite a stir in the small division.

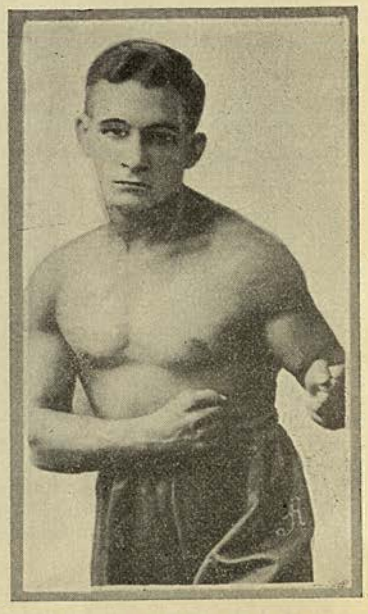


Frisco Conception, one of our Philippine products who is going like a house afire.

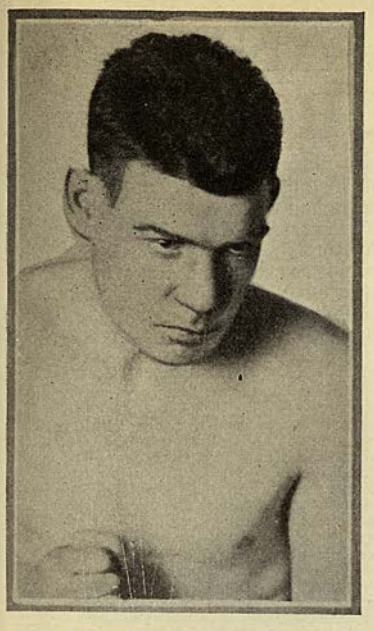
Johnny Reisler, local junior-lightweight, who returned to this vicinity after a year's absence.



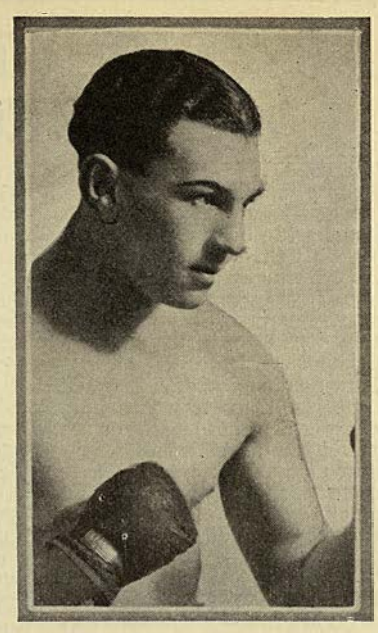
Mike Castle, bantamweight from Lawrence, Mass., who is trying to break into New York.



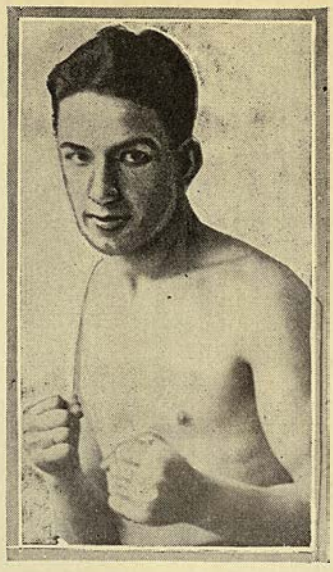
Tommy Ryan, the McKeesport Bearcat who has a fine record as a bantam.



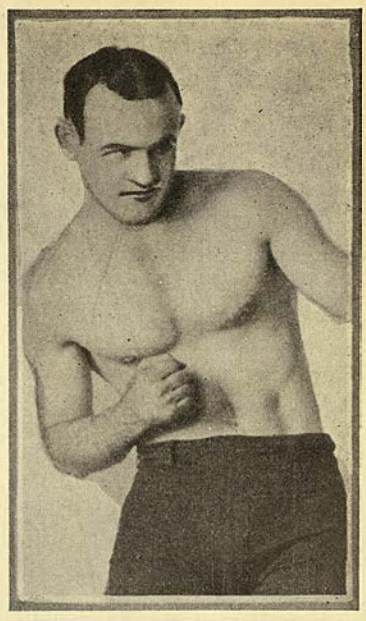
Mick McAdam, Scotland's featherweight champion, who scored a knockout over Tommy Noble.



Murray Elkins, former amateur champion, who is successfully holding his own among the local lightweights.



"Oakland" Jimmy Duffy, the best of the western crop of welterwieghts ,and also leader of that division on the Coast.



Herb Brodie, Brooklyn's hard punching lightweight, who is a dangerous opponent for anyone to mingle with.

COLORADO BOXING NOTES
By SAM BUXBAUM

Heinie Schuman started his comeback after a year's absence from the ring with a bang when he kayoed the tough Kid McCoy in the third round of a scheduled ten round bout at Cheyenne on April 30. Schuman plans taking on a couple of more bouts in this section and then journeying east for the bigger game. Billy Warner, also out of the ring for the past year, won his comeback start in the 5th round when he stopped Kid Fisher in the semi-windup.

Bud Hamilton, the fast coming featherweight, has again started training and will make a few starts around the mountain region before hopping off for eastern ports. He has been laid up with a bad hand for the past three months.

Pat Flaherty showed a big improvement when he copped the verdict from Jake Spahn at Sterling, Colo. on April 23, after ten hard rounds of battling. In the semi-windup Eddie Bohn kayoed Jake Theil in three rounds.

At last Denver will line up with the modern cities and have its weekly boxing shows. The Business Men's A. A. has been organized and has secured Tommy Eddy as matchmaker. Eddy knows the game and will give his patrons a show worth going a long ways to see and the newly organized club was fortunate in securing the services of Eddy. The bouts will be for three rounds with an extra round called in case the bout is even after the third round and seven bouts will complete the card.

Jack Doyle is back in ring harness and meeting with quite a bit of success in the featherweight class. He has boxed such good ones as Mike Dundee, Joe Gorman, Dandy Dick Griffin, Saph McKenna and several other well known boxers. He is one fighter that keeps the fans on their feet with his willing style of mixing.

Harry Bramer is going stronger now than ever. He is a big card around these parts and keeps as busy as he wishes to. He has boxed Pete Herman and several other top-notchers.

NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

With the boxing game opened again in Cleveland things are looking up in the fistic game for the leading battlers of this section of the country. The American Legion had the opening show at Cleveland and a check up showed that 9600 paid admissions with a total gate of $36,000. The promoters however were forced to turn away again as many fans who were inside.

In the main bout Pancho Villa of New York and Eddie McKenna of New Orleans battled ten rounds to a draw. The semi-final featured Sailor Friedman of Chicago and Alex Hart of Lorain. They battled or rather shambled through ten slow rounds to a draw. Al Zeimer won the decision over Harry Gordon of New York in ten and John Risko knocked out his fellow townsman, Sam Danis of Cleveland, in two rounds. Matt Hinkel, famous Cleveland referee, handled the main bout.

Tommy McGinty and Matt Hinkel, leading promoters of the Central West, are planning several big attractions this summer. Genial Tommy McGinty believes the proper match for Cleveland is Paul Berlenbach and Norm Genet, the Akron Iron Man who has won thirty consecutive bouts during the past twelve months.

Genet is taking on weight and before many months will be a full fledged middleweight. He is very rugged and has plenty of class and hits fairly well. He won twelve bouts in as many starts in Palm Beach, Fla., and since he came back home has won four more with ease. There is no doubt that Berlenbach and Genet will draw a huge gate at Cleveland in the open air.

Willie Ames, veteran Akron featherweight and Johnny Dundee, the world's champions fought a very interesting 12-round bout at Canton recently. Bernie Strapp had Ames in wonderful condition and he surprised the champion. The majority of the papers at ringside awarded the decision to Ames. Tom Lennon promoted the show.

Ray Bronson, one time welterweight champion of the world, is now promoting boxing at Fremont, Ohio, and is staging some great shows there. His last one brought Jimmy Darcy of New York and Joe Lohman of Toledo together and the boys fought a great 12-round draw. Ray has a big show for Fremont fans May 29 when K. O. Scherer of Sandusky battles Norm Genet of Akron over the ten round route.

Jimmy Dunn and his partner Parson Tom McGinty are keeping their boys in great shape and battling all the time. Bryan Downey, former middleweight champion, who retired a few months ago, is back again at Dunn's rounding into shape. Dunn also has Carl Tremaine stepping again. Carl beat Larry Goldberg last week in Pittsburgh.

Norm Genet, Akron, one of the squarest and cleanest fighters, takes exception to the statement of the writer of South Atlantic Notes in the Ring last month, who stated that Jimmy Finley and Jack Middleton won referee's decisions over Genet in Florida. Genet's scrap books show that he has defeated both Finley and Middleton in Florida engagements. Norm adds he can defeat both the same night if they can't fight any better than they performed against him at Palm Beach last winter, so there the matter rests.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By CLIFF ABBO

Young Marullo, New Orleans middleweight, threatens to absorb some of the fistic calcium now being focused on Young Stribling of Georgia. These men are Southern rivals and have met on two occasions. A newspaper decision in fifteen rounds is what Marullo claims over Stribling. The second encounter went to Stribling in nine rounds when Marullo's seconds tossed the towel into the ring. A badly split lip was the cause for this action, Marullo being perfectly sound otherwise, goes the story.

However, a marked change has come over the career of Marullo since that meeting with Stribling which was staged on January 26th, 1923. Dr. Paul Schaefer, associate of the late Stanley Ketchell, took over the management of Marullo on May 11th, 1923. He scheduled him several weeks and then sent him against Johnny Shea of Louisville. The latter was stopped in three rounds.

Following this knockout victory, Marullo has scored kayoes in succession over the following men: Harry Krohn, two rounds; Jimmy King, eight rounds; Soldier Buck, one round; Steve Choynski, one round; Young Denny, five rounds; Bob Sage, eight rounds; Harry Foley, seven rounds.

Frankie Demari, bantamweight under the management of Adam Serpas, is the latest Crescent City sensation. Demari recently trimmed Kid Carlin, although only awarded a draw by the referee and through this showing gained a match with Johnny Buff, former flyweight and bantamweight champion. Demari has been fighting two years and has had many engagements on the Pacific coast.

Louis Hill, brother of Red Hill, is another youthful knockout star looming. He is nineteen years of age, and to date has had eleven fights. He scored ten knockouts in this number of starts. He is a 168 pounder and is being handled by Dutz Moret, former local fighter.

Peter Herman, former bantamweight champion, who now operates the Ringside cabaret here, was sued for divorce by his wife.

Joe Mandot, lightweight star of a few years ago, has opened a roadhouse in Little Woods, nearby resort. The place is called the "Acorn Inn."

Johnny Fisse, oldtime bantamweight star, is handling a stable here headed by Jack Doyle, a flyweight. The kid shows a lot of promise and will soon be in the big money.

Lenny Elmer has taken over the matchmaking of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club in lieu of Bill Coker. Other promoters here are Frank Joret, Tulane A. C., Dominick Tortorich, Louisiana auditorium and Frankie Edwards, Coliseum arena.

It is reported that with the advent of a new boxing commission in this state with the inauguration of Governor Fuqua on May 19th, that Johnny Abrams, well known promoter and Al Pilsbury, also former promoter, will be granted licenses.

Dick Burke, Charley Oury and Al Coogan compose the present Louisiana State Boxing Commission. Those slated for the jobs are: Ned Pilsbury, local shoe merchant, and Emile Steir, a newspaperman.

Joe Matranga and Basil Galiano are now rivals for the Southern lightweight championship and have been matched by Promoter Dominick Torotorich to settle the issue over the fifteen round route. Charlie Feraci, another budding lightweight, is going well and may be matched with Mel Coogan in the near future.

Sammy Pizzitola, a bantamweight, is under the management of Paul Schaefer and has won his last three starts.

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HOT SHOTS FROM MEXICO
By OUR MEXICAN CORRESPONDENT

Tommy White, the great little Texas lightweight, is back in Mexico, where he enjoys the distinction of being the lightweight champion of the Republic of Mexico. After the February and March campaign through the Southwestern part of the States, where he ran up an enviable record of knockouts over several good boys and easy wins over Sid Kid Flake and Billy McCann, Tommy is back to campaign through the Republic again for a couple of months. He then intends to accompany his manager, Don Curley, up into the Middlewestern and Eastern part of the states for a number of bouts Sr. Curley has in view for his Latin American lightweight champion.

Don Curley is confident that should he take his charge, Tommy White, up into the middlewestern part of the states, Tommy will slam his way to victories over all the leading lights now enjoying great popularity in that part of the country. Curley states that he will seek matches for Tommy White against Sid Barbarian, Tony Zill, Pinkey Mitchell and Johnny Mendelson.

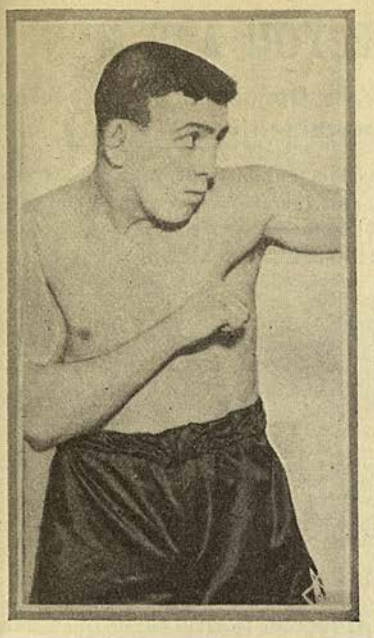
Vicente Aguilar El Cargardor, sprang a big surprise in Tampico, Mexico, on April 13, when he knocked over Battling Chico of El Paso in the eighth round of a scheduled fifteen round bout at the Princess Teatro. Chico poses as a lightweight but he would have to cut off the proverbial leg if he made the lightweight limit.

Jack Fowler of San Antonio, Texas, was matched to meet Mike Vasquez of Juarez at Monterrey, N. L., Sunday afternoon, April 13, but Vasquez broke a hand in training and had to call off the match. Jack has been after a battle with the wiery little Indian for a long time but when about to realize his desires, Vasquez was overtaken by bad luck. A fifteen round go between the two above mentioned would prove interesting and a good headline attraction for any southwestern Texas or Mexico promoter to feed his fanatics.

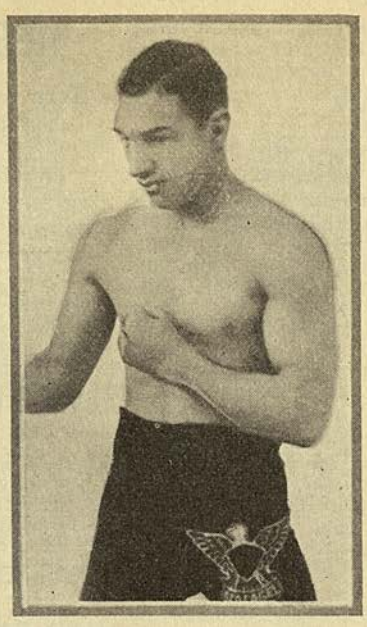
Two fights in the past month have fallen through wherein Kid Pancho of San Antonio, Texas, and Kid Pinkey Urquide of Juarez, Mexico, were scheduled to meet in fifteen round decision fights in Monterey, N. L., and Tampico, Tamps, Mexico. Pancho holds one fifteen round decision over the tough little hombre from Juarez.

Tommy White, the lightweight champion of the Republic, won another start in Tampico, Tamps, on Sunday April 13, when he again handed the tough welterweight Yaqui Indian from the mountains of San Louis, Potesi Sam Rico, a man-sized lacing for seven rounds of a scheduled fifteen round bout, then tagged him out about the middle of the aforementioned round with a solid right hand smash to the stomach. Rico had gone down in the sixth round for a nine count from a punch to the same place and in the seventh round he remained down.

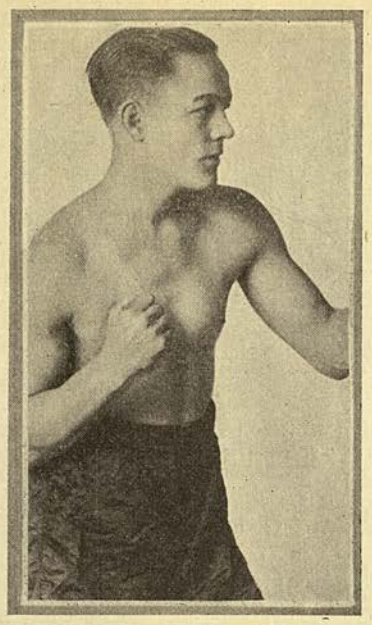
S. Cervantes and Kid Savala, (el tigre de San Louis Potesi), after a sensational ten round bout, as a semi final to Tommy White and Albrecht Koenig's battle in Tampico, Mexico, on April 20, have been matched for April 27 in a 15 round bout. Cervantes won the decision over El Tigre in the fist fight but may be fooled in his next start, as Savala will be in much better condition and will profit by mistakes he made in his first fight.



Harry Mason, recognized lightweight champion of Europe, who has made good here in his appearances.



George Eagle, who is now in Australia, and combating the Antipodeans with considerable success.



Bud Dempsey of Yorkville, who is looking for bouts among the 118 pound boys.

Mike Burke, sturdy Greenwich Village light-heavyweight, who is under the direction of Frank (Doc) Bagley.

Albrecht Koenig, who claims the lightweight championship of Germany, Argentina and Uruguay (and has the clippings and everything necessary to substantiate his claims) came to Tampico, Mexico, in a wild desire to knock Tommy White loose from the Mexican lightweight diadem. Koenig was signed to meet White in a fifteen-round decision bout by Herculano del Castillo, promoting fights in the Teatro Isabelle Airdome, and was knocked cold by White.

The United States is noted for having the greatest number of sports and probably the greatest number of good sportsmen of any nation on the globe. We can name a few good American sports, however, who do not live in the States but in the heavy oil fields around Tampico, Mexico. These sports will travel one hundred miles every week to see the boxing contests that are held in Tampico on Sunday afternoons. Chief of the fight fans around the Mexican oil city are Joe, John and Van Graham, all brothers; Wayne Meeks, Al Parker, Andy Odle, Red Black, Bill Scott and P. Darwin Chappel. All take in every fight and have first row ringside seats. If they have a favorite fighter, they back him with money and not conversation.

Frankie McFarland, of Texas, won a fifteen-round decision from Mercy Montes in the bull ring at Mexico, D. F., Sunday, April 20th. McFarland was speedier than his opponent, who relied on putting over a one-punch victory.

Vicenti Aguilar el Cargado, of Monterey, N. L., knocked out Flor Navarro, also of Monterrey, in the third round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout at the Plaza de Toros on Sunday, April 20. Navarro had knocked el Cargador down in the first round for a nine count, but the Cargador recovered quickly and pounded his lighter opponent down.

Marcial Rodriguez and brothers, of Monterrey, N. L., have been putting on some good open air attractions in the large Bull Ring of that city. They get their boxers from out of the southwestern parts of the States. Both Mexican and American boys are used. Usually an American is matched against a Mexican boy, which usually makes the show draw better.

Baldemero Romero, of Mexico City, opened the Mexico, D. F., Bull Ring to promote big boxing attractions, early in April, and to date has held some stellar shows. After Tommy White has fulfilled his contract to take part in four fights in Tampico during the month of May, he will be taken to Mexico City by Manager Don Curley to fight in the big Bull Ring at Mexico City, where the attendance sometimes reaches the fifty thousand mark. White may be matched against Gene Delmont, who is in Los Angeles, California, at this writing.

F. Cervantes and Arnulfo Zavala fought a thrilling battle up until the eighth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout at the Isabelle Teatro Airdome in Tampico on April 27. Cervantes (El Tigre de San Louis Potesi) was leading the fight up until the eighth, when in a close exchange of wallops, Zavala raised his knee and struck El Tigre low. Tommy White, acting as referee of the bout, started the count over Cervantes' prostrate body, but at the fourth count the bell rang, ending the round. El Tigre was helped to his corner and a physician called into the ring and after an examination it was found that Cervantes was really hurt, so the fight was awarded to him on a foul.

BOXING IN INDIANA
By HARRY L. AIN

Before a packed house, at a show staged by the Hoosier Athletic Club of Terre Haute on April 28, Joey Schwartz, Detroit bantam, fought a ten-round draw with Johnny McCoy of Cleveland, Ohio. It was a case of fighter versus boxer and the bout proved slow and uninteresting. It seems that Terre Haute fans are used to seeing a human dynamo in action, in the person of Bud Taylor, and anyone who shows around these parts without flashing plenty of speed better stay away from here, as they will get the cold shoulder.

In the semi-final Joe Cooper of West York, Ill., proved too good for Russell Miller of Cincinnati. Farmer Joe is as good a lightweight as seen around here in many a day and we look for him to climb very high in pugilistic circles.

Recently Eddie Long, manager of Taylor, took Cooper up to Chicago to give him the once over and maybe sign him to a contract. In his first go under the Long-Kane stable he knocked out his man in three rounds at a show held in East Chicago. Miller went with Cooper exactly the same distance, the referee stopping the bout in the third round to save the Cincy boy from further punishment.

Young Sunbeam of Terre Haute fought Tommy McNichols of Marshall, Ill., a four-round draw, Ray Combs of Terre Haute, in his first fight, made a fine showing in getting the best of Chuck Templeton of Sullivan, Ind., and Hank Graham beat Art Campbell in the opener.

Owing to the smallness of the crowd, the main go was called off in the Indianapolis show that was to have been held on April 28. Johnny Mendelsohn of Milwaukee refused to go on with Johnny Tilman of St. Paul, after giving the house the "once over." The other three bouts went through as scheduled. Sidney Glick, Indianapolis lightweight, knocked out Irish Johnny Griffin of Boston in the third round.

Joe Packo, Toledo middleweight, and Johnny Mack of Cincinnati went ten rounds to a draw, as did Fighting Ferraris, of Fort Thomas, Ky., and Joe Dillion, of Indianapolis, featherweights.

A boy who is making rapid strides here is Maxie Epstein, of Indianapolis. Maxie is a brother of Solly Epstein, former leading bantam, who has retired from the ring and is now running a pool room in Indianapolis.

After a three weeks' rest, Eddie Dyer, Terre Haute's fast featherweight, is facing a strenuous campaign. His manager, Jeff Henderson, expects great things from Dyer and has matched him up for three fights on three successive nights. Eddie is only seventeen years of age but has already piled up an enviable record. When Dyer is right he is a hard man to beat.

George Grammel is looking for some tough logical opponent to meet Bud Taylor in the first open air show to be held in Terre Haute this or next month. We know of three bantams who are capable of giving Taylor a hard half hour's work. They are Tommy Ryan, of McKeesport, Pa., Eddie (Cannonball) Marten, of Brooklyn, and Phil Rosenberg, of New York, who fought Taylor in the latter's debut in New York City, losing the decision by an eyelash.

There will be a small army of Indiana fans at the ringside when Bud Taylor tears into Abe Goldstein for the title.

It is probable that Bobby Wolgast, of Philadelphia, will meet Bud Taylor the night before the automobile races, before Steve Harter's Club at Indianapolis.

Jackie Cobble, who was suspended by the Terre Haute Boxing Commission, has been reinstated and is ready to meet anyone in the bantam division.

Jackie Barnhardt is looking around for some work to do. Jackie is about the hardest working lightweight around here and is always sure to give the fans a run for their money.

Young Sunbeam was married a few weeks ago and thereby took on a sparring partner for life.

Eddie Dyer won a ten-round no-decision bout from Frankie Beal, of Lafayette, at Hartford City, Ind., April 28.

Danny Cohen, former welterweight of the Army, would like to show his wares around Indianapolis and Terre Haute.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE
By LEN CARLSON

On March 17 at Buffalo, N. Y., Bert Schneider, the Montreal welterweight, gained the judges' decision over Paul Yarbough, of Columbus, O., in six rough rounds.

At Bradford, Penna., on March 19, Jack Lewis knocked out Cyclone Kearns, of Salamanca, in two rounds. Teddy Nelson, of Jamestown, knocked out Shufflin Phil in five rounds and Jack Dewey, of Salamanca, won the decision over Young Sharkey in six rounds.

The Corry Athletic Club of Corry, Pa., staged a rattling boxing show here recently. In the final event of ten rounds Barney Chevorotti, of Milwaukee, and Young Hybert, of Ashtabula, O., fought ten rough rounds to a draw. Chevorotti took the countof nine in the first round but came back strong and on a few occasions had the Ohio chap shaky.

In the six-round semi-final Cliff Becker, of Celeron, won the decision over Matty Owens, of England.

Joe Woods jumped in on ten minutes' notice and held Teddy Nelson to a sensational four-round draw in the first bout of the evening.

At Corry, Pa., Pete Cannal, of Youngstown, O., won the decision over Freddie Thompson, of Buffalo, in six of the most sensational rounds staged in that city since the local club received its boxing license. Augie Carlson and Johnny Oro, of Raleigh, N. C., fought six fast rounds to a draw. Emil Lundberg knocked out Joey Columbo in two rounds while Frank Boyd won the decision over Andy Raymond in four rounds.

Bert Schneider fought Jimmy Finley ten sensational rounds in a no-decision contest at Louisville recently. In the ten-round semi-final Chief Halftown fought ten rounds with Norm Genet. Halftown fought a great uphill battle and was given a great ovation as he left the ring. The Chief was dropped for the count of nine in the very first round but came back fighting stronger round after round.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

Jack Reddick, Canadian middleweight champion, made a trip to Syracuse to exchange swats with Ted Moore, all-conquering European middleweight champion, and Joe Jacobs' nomination for Harry Greb's middleweight crown. Moore ran into a "snag" on this visit, and came mighty close to hearing the "Angel Chorus" on more than one occasion. In the second round Reddick caught Moore with a mighty right hand smash to the head in a neutral corner, and that punch injured his hand, possibly preventing him from winning decisively. After the fight Moore was offered a nice lump of "sugar" to step into a Toronto ring with the "Canadian Apollo," but the Briton held out for impossible demands. "Wise Teddy."

Chris Newton accompanied Reddick to Syracuse and battled Joey Baker a peppery semi-final bout chock full of action. The boys hammered each other all over the lot, with Newton doing nearly all the forcing. Chris appeared to have the shade, as he clearly outboxed his opponent, but the judges said draw. A return battle between these two clouters would feature any card.

The Queensberry Club featured Jack Reddick and Jack Bloom, of New York, recently. Reddick had it easy this time, practically winning with one hand, after being cuffed and slammed about for five rounds, causing the New Yorker to stagger about in a comatose condition, and just when Referee Lou Marsh was ready to read the "Burial Service," Bloom's chief second tossed in the "laundry."

Joey Geller and Howard Mayberry battled over ten hectic rounds in semi-final. Geller came in short on condition but put up a real nice argument the entire journey. Mayberry just copped the decision. A return battle between these two with Geller in better condition would attract a lot of interest.

Out-of-town boys with good records can get plenty of work, if they can fight, by writing 208 Star Building, 331 Bay street, Toronto, Ont., and sending all particulars.

Fred Snell, an English middleweight who recently knocked out Johnny Wolgast, of Philadelphia, looks to be a mighty good fighter and will undoubtedly go far. The boy is young, and both clever and a hard puncher. He made a big impression when he stopped Wolgast.

Curly Wilshur took a trip to Montreal and finished "second" to Sylvia Meriault, a French Canadian, in ten rounds. Curly must have had an off night or the Montreal boy is better than he is credited with being in local circles.

Soldier Jones lost his mythical crown when Jack Reddick, the middleweight champion, "buried his nose in the canvas for the fatal ten," thereby making himself a double titleholder here. Reddick, who can easily make the middleweight limit, came in at 168 pounds, while Jones weighed 176½. He lost his forfeit for being 6½ pounds overweight. Jones fell like a log when he was counted out. Reddick should be given much credit in giving so much weight away and winning. Jones has boxed Jack Renault, Harry Greb, Tommy Gibbons, Gene Tunney and other leading fighters, but none of them had hung anything on the big fellow's chin.

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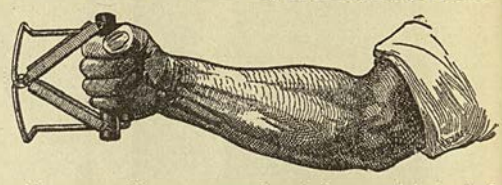

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JIMMY BROWN, Colored Middleweight

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By EDDIE McFARLAND

Young Brown, tigerish Mexican battler, formerly of the Pacific Coast but now of Trenton, was treated to a surprise when he was mauled all over the ring here by Tommy Kid Murphy. Based on the fact that he had stopped Tommy O'Brien and had won decisions over Johnny Reisler, Phil Salvodore, Danny Kramer, Johnny Farrar and a host of other good boys, Brown was looked upon to prove a snag in the local boy's climb to fame.

Brown's ability to take punishment saved him from a knockout as he took plenty of it.

Two days later Murphy traveled to Providence, R. I., where he again upset the dope by winning the referee's decision over Lew Paluso. So badly did Murphy beat Lew that the bout nearly ended in the fifth when Murphy caught Lew with a well timed left, a series of body blows had Palusc on the verge of a knockout at the bell. Sammy Seiger of New York was the third to taste defeat at the hands of Murphy since the last issue of this book.

In a one sided bout of twelve rounds, Jeff Smith, veteran Mt. Holly battler, thoroughly trounced Ray Newman the Dutchman from Jersey City. It appeared as though Smith could have ended things as early as the sixth round if he so desired.

Billy Mahoney, a good little bantam of Pittsburg, and Wee Willey Burns, boxed ten sizzling rounds to a draw here. Both boys have shown in this city before and are well liked.

Rocky Smith made short work of Tiger Nelson of Perth Amboy when the referee stopped the bout in the fifth to save the Dane from further punishment.

Marty Harris, Quaker City battler, won over Al Holtzman of Riverside in a ten round bout. This is the fourth time that Harris has shown to advantage here and his return appearance is awaited.

Danny Cooney still continues to go on in his winning ways. His latest victim being Bennie Cohan. The bout was the semi to the Delaney Clark waltz.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

Another Easterner put in his appearance here for a crack at the four-round game. The newcomer is Archie Walker, former amateur lightweight champion. Jim Buckley, who managed Harlem Tommy Murphy in his day, looks out for Walker. He considers Archie a better fighter than Murphy. Walker's first fight out here will be with Eddie White at Dreamland Rink.

Bud Ridley has been fighting in great form since he returned to the ring. Bud was out for some time with a broken right hand, but made his reappearance in the squared circle last week and won his first bout by a knockout. In his second encounter he beat Dandy Dillion. Bud says that his hand is O. K. and is willing to meet any of the leading featherweights.

Mushy Callahan, the fighting newsboy, is a very promising fighter. Callahan has made a hit with the local fans every time he has stepped into the ring and if he keeps up his good work he will be fighting some of the headliners in the near future.

Phil Salvatore, one of the best lightweights in this section of the country, is a busy boy. Phil has made a small fortune out of ring earnings and has purchased a little twenty-acre orange ranch where he will spend his time in between fights.

Conny Curry, Iowa bantamweight, is planning to return here in the near future. Curry has lost several bouts since leaving here and thinks he can do better in the four-round game.

BALTIMORE NOTES
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

After fighting under the management of Benny Franklin for about a year, and in that time earning more than $6,000 by well-made matches, Benny Schwartz has parted company with the genial president of the Olympia A. C. Schwartz's claim was that Franklin didn't get him enough work. Franklin must have found Schwartz a hard proposition to handle, for he tendered the little East Baltimore boy his contract without a murmur although it had another year to run. Schwartz and Al Lang are together again, but this arrangement seems to be only temporary, for rumor has it that Benny will soon be fighting for Leo Flynn, of New York.

Jackie Clark didn't last long in his bout with Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh windmill, in the opening show of the Olympia A. C. at its new outdoor arena in Kenilworth, Md., just outside the District line. Clark's seconds tossed the towel in the ring during the second round when the Allentown fighter was helpless.

Al Lopez, the Chilean millionaire, who has been boxing with fair success in local rings, was given a sound drubbing the last time out when he ran into Charlie Baum. Baum is an in-and-outer at the best, but the night he met Lopez he was right and handed the South American globe trotter a fine lacing.

Sammy Harris is getting his stable ready for a trip to the Pacific Coast, and hopes to clean up in the four-round bouts held there. Sammy intends taking along George Chaney, Nate Carp, Charlie Baum, Frankie Rice and Mickey Papner. All his boys should go well on the four-round route and the tour should be a very profitable one.

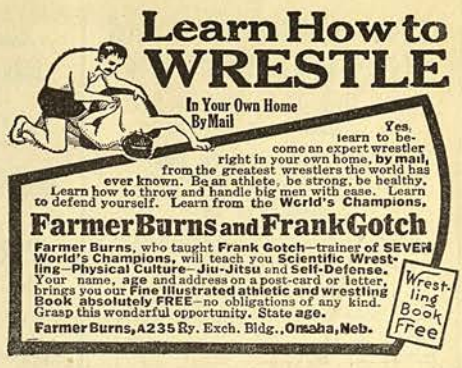
Joe Dundee added another victory to his long list when he knocked out Jimmy Donnelly in four rounds. Donnelly despite an imposing record didn't have a chance against the local boy and proved the easiest sort of picking. Dundee should be matched with Alex Hart and try to wipe out the defeat that Hart hung on him several months ago.

Efforts are being made to get Paul Berlenbach, the New York middleweight sensation, to meet Bill Burke here before one of the local clubs. Burke stopped Will Mathews, the Back River heavyweight, last week and showed enough to warrant his tackling bigger game. News now comes from New York that Berlenbach has broken a bone in his hand and may be compelled to lay off for about six weeks.

TENNESSEE BOXING NEWS
By REX PRESSLEY

Wild Bill Reed met a tough foe when he tackled Bearcat Clemens of this city in their eight-round bout at the Bijou Theatre last night. This was Reed's second appearance in Knoxville. He fought Bob Roper an eight-round draw recently. Reed was barely able to win the decision by a shade. Clemens was formerly sparring partner for Young Stribling but of late has been making his headquarters in this city. He is managed by Battling Mantell, the cleverest trainer in this state.

Tiger Toro, the hard hitting middleweight of Knoxville, will meet Johnnie Flynn, of Chattanooga, in an eight-round bout at Market Hall this month. Toro is a game scrapper and his many followers are hoping for his success in the future.



Battling Bob Ramsey, one of the cleverest middleweight scrappers in the South, won the newspaper decision over Battling Budd, the pride of Walk Miller's stable, in their ten-round encounter at Asheville, N. C., recently. Promoters of that city are dickering with Pa Stribling for a ten-round bout between Young Stribling and Battling Bob Ramsey on Labor Day.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS
By LEW DIAMOND

Jim Walters, Jersey City's sportsman, opened his new club at the Roosevelt Theatre in West Hoboken, N. J., and made a success with the opening show. Jim, who has been operating at New Amsterdam Hall, found the place too small and leased the theatre. For the next show he is trying to get "Irish" Johnny Curtin and Jabez White.

Petie Mack, Jersey City's clever bantam, who recently defeated Danny Edwards, is being handled by Johnny Loori. Credit should be given Loori for Petie's showing, as he had been plugging along with indifferent success for two years until Loori took him under his wing and in a short time developed him into a first-class battler.

Georgie Mack, brother of Petie Mack, has started his pro debut as a flyweight and won his last two bouts.

Do Do Jackson, negro demon of Jersey City, has recuperated from his recent illness and will soon don the mitts. Do Do has been idle for two months, but is now well enough to start a strenuous campaign among the flyweights. Do Do is training daily at a local gym.

Harry Martone, Jersey City's leading contender for the welterweight crown, has been going along at a rapid clip and is being kept busy by his manager, Pete Campbell. Martone recently fought K. O. Phil Kaplan at the Roosevelt Theatre in West Hoboken and the bout ended with Kaplan being disqualified in the fifth round. Martone is matched to meet Irish Fagen, of Newark, at the Empire, Hoboken, next week.

Ray Neuman, Jersey City's light heavyweight, who fought Lee Anderson the fastest bout ever seen for light heavies and got the newspaper decision, fought Jeff Smith at Trenton on Monday and gave a good account of himself.

After a layoff of nearly six months, Billy White, a crackerjack lightweight, came back to the squared circle last Monday night and k. o.ed Battling Moore in one round.

Wee Wee Willie Burns, of Newark, is fighting in great form and the showing he has made in his last appearance shows he has the makings of a great flyweight. Burns k. o.ed Billy Bender in the seventh of a ten-round affair with a right cross on the chin.

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